

**THE HOME AND HOW TO FURNISH IT.**  
Price 2d. to 2s.  
See What We'll do During  
**CURTIS'S**  
**Great Furniture Sale.**  
For Terms, Cost Prices, Free Delivery Areas,  
and Order Forms and Rates, showing how we furnish  
any Room, see our Catalogue.  
**20-PAGE FREE CATALOGUE**  
and Order Forms sent free, showing how we furnish  
any Room, see our Catalogue.  
Specimen copy of our Catalogue sent free.  
**GENERAL TERMS.**  
Cost Price 2d. to 2s.  
Furniture 2s. to 2s.  
**CURTIS'S FURNISHING STORES, LTD.**  
18-17, PEACE-GATEWAY, LONDON, W.C.

# The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

No. 2,172.

Principal Office: 50, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

LONDON, SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1923.

Printed at the  
Daily News.

Two Pence.

## LUCKY ONES IN THE DERBY DRAWS.

### FORTUNES FOR THE FAVOURED.

### FAIRY DOWNS IN GRIP OF "RACE FEVER."

### EPSOM'S CARNIVAL.

### HUGE SWEEPSTAKE FUNDS TO BE DISBURSED.

From to-day onwards and during the week everybody will be "talking Derby" and using the language of the racecourse.

Never in the annals of the Turf has the great Epsom carnival evoked such widespread interest and excitement.

It is impossible to estimate how many thousands of people, of all classes in life, have caught the Derby fever. Every moment rumours about the horses entered for the classic race provide the public with thrills.

Innumerable folk are awaiting the draws in the huge sweepstakes. They will read of their good luck (or disappointment) below.

EVERYTHING points to this year's Derby crowd being a record one, provided, of course, that the weather is favourable.

The demand for tickets to the Grand Stand has been enormous, and all the boxes and roof stalls have been sold for some time.

All the bedrooms and floor space for sleeping in and around Epsom are booked.

Already Epsom Downs are looking like business.

An army of gypsies has arrived in preparation for the festive week.

Link men with black, unkempt hair and dispositions as unruly, and women as swarthy, have pitched their camps. With them are babies, hundreds of them, sprawling, yelling, laughing, artful little rogues.

Even now there look enough professors of psycho-analysis to tell the fortune of everybody who goes to the Derby.

#### CATERERS' BIG TASK.

There are scenes of great activity everywhere. Caterers are bringing up immense stores of supplies. Processions of 4-ton lorries were crawling up the hill to the grand stand the whole of yesterday.

Workmen are hammering in supports for booths, covering them with canvas almost before you can say "Town Guard." Huge new advertisement hoardings have made their appearance.

Old men habitues of the "Derby," who speak out of a memory of fifty years, say they never saw the Downs look better. The rains have done wonders.

Already there have been hosts of rumours regarding the horses entered for the great race. There is no doubt to-day and to-morrow will bring their quota of sensations, and the public will be kept on the tip-toe of excitement until the actual moment of the race.

Yesterday, to millions of people, was a day of thrills. It was Draw Day for the huge sweepstakes.

Never before has there been such a vast number of these popular draws.

A striking article on the romance and tragedy of the Derby appears on page 8.

#### WHO WILL WIN?

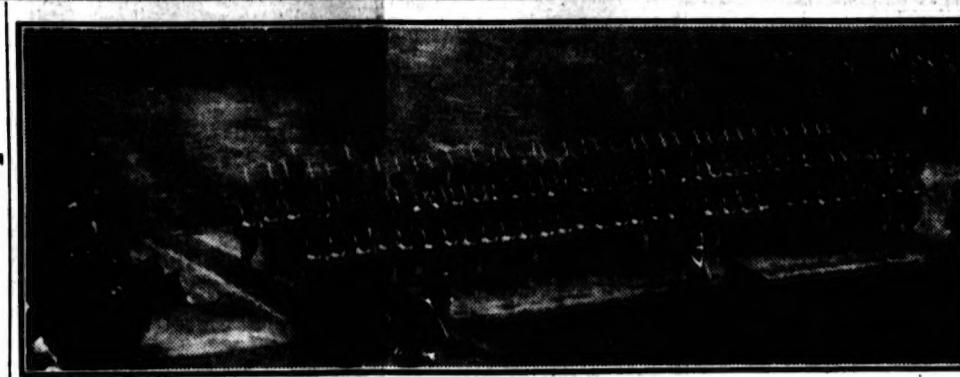
#### NAMES OF THOSE WHO WILL BE ASKING THE QUESTION.

The draw for the gigantic Oley sweepstake took place at Leeds. This is the biggest sweepstake ever promoted in this country, the first prize alone being £31,500.

Ticket-holders who have drawn horses are:—My Lord, No. 115,621, W. Law, Bank Top, Todmorden; Topboot, No. 168,837, J. Montford, Jervis-st., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent; Miltiades, No. 15,510, E. T. Horney, Mitre Cottage, Macclesfield; Mon.; Chorros, No. 151,654, J. F. Nicolson, Cheven Leather Works, Otley; Kinnaird, No. 39,763, Mrs. Catchpole, Kessingland, Lowestoft; Saltash, No. 171,562, Mrs. Hayton, Beaconsfield Club, Friar-st., Reading; Parth, No. 72,568, Grace Partington, Higher Broadfield, Heywood, nr. Manchester; Roger de Busi, No. 190,224, Captain Fairclough, Millom, Cumbria.

Twelve Pointer, No. 85,290, J. Scottson, Thomas-lane, Knott Ash, Liverpool; Safety First, No. 90,662, A. Milburn, Laurens-st., Sunderland. The Field, No. 194,066, A. S. A. Smith, Skipton-rd., Keighley; Papirus, No. 172,950, Mrs. Ford, Pembroke-st., Skipton; Knockando, No. 200,062, J. Anderson, Hillsborough, Ripon, Yorks; Ellangowan, No. 183,311, Miss Mary Spencer, Brunswick Studio, Pudsey.

Doric, No. 75,564, J. C. Crowther,



The march past the King (who is on horseback on the left) during the Trooping of the Colour yesterday.

#### BRIDE'S DRESSES IN A SACK.

#### HOW HONEYMOON PAIR CAUGHT THE LINER.

Not many travellers are likely to follow the example of Mr. and Mrs. Dewing, of Hartford, U.S.A., who sent part of their luggage from London to Liverpool by aeroplane yesterday, after a honeymoon in Europe.

When they reached Euston station to take train for Liverpool, where they were to join the Carmania for New York, they found that one trunk had been left at home. There was no time to return for it and catch the train and ship.

Mr. Dewing, a young cinema and theatrical agent, acted with promptness. He ordered a special aeroplane to fly with the trunk, while he and Mrs. Dewing went off by train.

An official of the Cunard Company "got busy" and carried out the plan.

At express speed the trunk was taken to Hendon. There it was found too large to be placed in the aeroplane.

There were only three hours to catch the boat. The pilot, who had to act quickly, broke open the trunk and stowed half the contents in the cabin of the machine, while the remainder, consisting of beautiful Parisian gowns and lingerie, was folded up and put into a sack and placed on board.

The aeroplane reached Antwerp at twenty minutes past four. A motor-car, to which the luggage was immediately transferred, then set out for the quay, and five minutes before the Carmania sailed Mr. and Mrs. Dewing had the satisfaction of seeing the missing luggage taken on board.

#### TUBE STRIKE.

#### MEN'S MEETING TO MORROW TO CONSIDER POSITION.

As the result of a lightning strike on the part of men engaged in the extension of the Tubes in South London the work has been temporarily held up.

The dispute is a sequel to a threat of a proposed reduction in wages of 1d. an hour.

A meeting of the men is to be held at Kennington to-morrow, when the position is to be considered.

#### PANEL SYSTEM.

#### RE-ARRANGEMENT WANTED BY DOCTORS' UNION.

The National Medical Union at their annual meeting yesterday unanimously passed the following resolution:

"In view of the widely expressed dissatisfaction with the working of the panel system of the National Health Insurance Act, this meeting of the National Medical Union deplores the recent announcement of the Minister of Health that he did not propose to make any general re-arrangement in the system. Further, this meeting is of opinion that the continued working of the panel system is prejudicial to the public interest, and detrimental to the practice of medicine, and it urges the Minister of Health to reconsider the matter."

#### SANDWICHED SIDECAR.

#### Driver Terribly Hurt in Triple Motor Crash.

George Gregory, 25, of Monk-st., Woolwich, lies in the Miller Hospital, Greenwich, in a precarious condition as the result of a singular accident yesterday to his motor cycle and sidecar, in which three vehicles were involved.

Gregory was driving down Hill-st., and as he reached Wood-st., he swerved to his off-side to pass a bus. As he did so a motor car came out of Wood-st., with the result that his machine was sandwiched between the car and the bus.

The occupant of the sidecar was thrown out and escaped with minor injuries, but Gregory was terribly hurt.

#### SHOVELLER'S SHOVEL.

That Shoveller had the shovel in a sack was the evidence of a police inspector at Chatham yesterday when Daniel Shoveller was bound over on a charge of stealing the shovel, which he said he had found.

#### ILLNESS OF KING'S AUNT.

#### A RELAPSE.

#### IMPROVEMENT NOT MAINTAINED.

Princess Christian (77) is suffering from a heart attack following influenza, and her condition is causing anxiety.

The following bulletin was issued last night:

The slight improvement in the con-



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

dition of Princess Christian, noted this morning, has not been maintained.

(Signed) Stanley Hewett.

Dawson of Penn.

E. Farquhar Buzzard.

Known as the "Princess of the East End" on account of her philanthropic work among the poor in her earlier years. Princess Christian is the third daughter of Queen Victoria and aunt of the King.

She was born at Buckingham Palace on May 28, 1848, and in 1868 married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

During the great war Princess Christian worked untiringly to alleviate suffering, and set a good example by living with extreme simplicity.

#### SOLICITOR'S FRAUDS.

Paid £2,000 a Year Interest with Income of £500.

Remarkable story of frauds and forgery was disclosed in a bankruptcy examination at Canterbury yesterday. Of Arthur Edward Waite, a Folkestone solicitor, who was convicted at Kent Assizes in February of fraudulent conversion of deeds, etc.

Mr. Harold Ward (Official Receiver) said the liabilities expected to rank for dividend were over £40,000, and the debtor estimated his assets at £4,000.

The bankrupt admitted that for about twenty years he had been paying interest on moneys placed in his hands by clients. His net earnings since the war had been between £400 and £500 annually, while he had paid in interest to clients over £2,000 a year. He estimated that among his losses was £9,000 in connection with building estates at Ashford and Chatham twenty years ago.

He confessed that he held no securities for £3,000 deposited with him for investment in 1899. He told of the forging of clients' names and preparing numerous irregular documents, and that he had in one instance put in an affidavit under a will disclosing an estate at £800, instead of its proper value of £2,300.

The examination was adjourned until July 14.

#### WEATHER.

Light to moderate northerly winds; mainly cloudy, some brighter periods; visibility moderate; cool.

Not one resort on the South and East Coasts recorded any sunshine yesterday. In the West there were fitful bursts but Blackpool, in contrast, basked in over 12 hours' sun.

### THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

#### TROOPING OF THE COLOUR.

#### IMPOSING PAGEANT.

Although the actual anniversary of the King's birthday is to-day—he is 58—the event was officially celebrated yesterday.

The time-honoured ceremony of Trooping the Colour took place on the Horse Guards Parade. It was again a brilliant spectacle, and was witnessed by a great gathering, including the Royal Family, Ministers of the Crown, and representatives of India in gorgeous attire.

Nearly 1,700 troops took part in the pageant, and the 2nd Scots Guards had the honour of escorting the Colour.

The troops taking part were in position on the parade ground soon after ten o'clock. They included two troops of the Royal Horse Guards with mounted band, two battalions of Grenadier Guards, and one battalion each of the Coldstream, Scots and Welsh Guards. The massed band of the Brigade of Guards with drums and pipers also participated.

The troops were drawn up in line formation facing the Horse Guards building, with the greenery of the Park forming an effective background to their new scarlet tunics, black bearskins and brightly polished equipment. The Horse Guards in blue and white, with burnished cuirasses and red plumes, were opposite, at the right of the infantry line.

The Massed Bands, a blaze of crimson and gold, were on the right flank.

**THE QUEEN'S VIEW.**  
The Queen and other royal ladies drove down to Whitehall shortly before 11 o'clock, and were conducted to the Levee Room at the Horse Guards, from the windows of which a perfect view of the ceremony was obtainable.

The King's procession reached the parade ground just before eleven, and his Majesty and the Royal Princes ceremoniously saluted the Queen and other royal ladies at the window before turning towards the troops.

(Continued on Page Two.)

#### BUILDERS' HOURS.

#### HUGE MAJORITY AGAINST EXTENSION.

The building trade operatives, by a majority of 106,000, have rejected the employers' proposal for an average extension of the working week over the year from 44 hours to 47 hours.

The ballot resulted as follows:

For the proposal \_\_\_\_\_ 12,000  
Against \_\_\_\_\_ 118,000

A special meeting of the Joint Wages and Conditions Council for the industry has been called for this week.



## The Energy of Youth

He feels younger every day!

He's always in the pink of condition, and because he is exercising with abundant health the blood courses through his veins with all the vigour of youth.

You too can be a picture of cheery fitness and vigorous enjoyment if you learn and practise the Kruschen Habit of Health.

If you find you are not as well as you should be, there is probably something wrong with your internal system. Perhaps you are tied down to the busy life of the City, where you get little fresh air or exercise, and are often obliged to dash hasty, unwholesome meals. Consequently your liver and

kidneys lose their vigour, impurities find their way into your blood stream, and sleeplessness, depression, constipation, a thousand and one ills follow.

Kruschen Salts will alter all this.

Just enough to cover a sixpence, taken every morning in your breakfast cup of tea, will make all the difference in the world. All impurities are removed from the body, the blood stream regains its purity, the whole sluggish system responds to its energising influence. You work better, play better, live better, when you take the little daily dose.

Try it yourself. Get a bottle to-morrow, and start the healthy Kruschen habit at once.

## Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a saucer," which is the head-and-a-half cup of tea. Every dose tells Kruschen Salts to the body and starts to move.



Tasteless in Tea

**AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN**

Tells how She Darkened Her Grey Hair with a Home-Made Remedy.

**MRS. E. H. BOOTS,** who darkened her grey hair by a simple home-made remedy made the following statement:

"Any old gentleman can darken their grey faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy which they can mix at home. To half-a-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlies Compound and 4 ounces of Glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not rub off the scalp, is not greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger."

**ARMY OFFICERS' PENSIONS.**

**M.P.s to Consider the Case of Mrs. Who Runs from the Banks.**

Army officers numbering about 1,300 who were retired after the war with the pension of a sergeant or sergeant-major are to have their case taken up in the House of Commons.

Col. Sir Arthur Holbrook has decided to invite all service members of the House of Commons to meet and discuss ways and means of adjusting an admitted hardship.

These officers, who are of long service and obtained commissions from the ranks, are to meet at the Imperial Hotel, Russell-sq., W.C., at 7 p.m. on Tuesday to prepare a plan of campaign.

**Why Risk your money on the DERBY when you may win?**

**£1,000 for 1/-**

**ENTER THE COMPETITION to-day.**

**It's a better sport and it is in aid of**

**St. Paul's Hospital.**

**PRIZES.**

Prize Money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st Prize	£21,000
2nd	£250
3rd	£2250
4th	£100
5th	£250
30 Prizes of £10	
60 "	25

This most deserving institution has not benefited under any other scheme, and is now in urgent need of funds.

The Competition is a simple one, and within the scope of everyone.

**TICKETS 1/- each.**

If you prefer to have a book of tickets to sell to your friends, we will supply a book of ten, together with ONE FREE TICKET, on receipt of 10/- send your remittance to St. Paul's Hospital Fund, F.O.C. should be crossed and made payable to St. Paul's Hospital Competition Fund.

**A COMPETITION FOR EVERYONE IN EVERY FAMILY CIRCLE.**

**THE CHAMBER,**  
St. Paul's Hospital Fund,  
St. Paul's Church, St. Swithin Street,  
London, W.C.

**Do you Tire quickly?**

If so, you need Wincaris to give you new vitality. Because Wincaris is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder and a Nerve-invigorator—all in one. OVER 10,000 DOCTORS RECOMMEND

**WINGARNIS**  
The Wine of Life.

## You need not have Indigestion or Insomnia

Lots of women who cook the food for the household, never enjoy it themselves because work and worry and family responsibility have created nervous dyspepsia and sleeplessness. The remedy is Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Women are very prone to indigestion. They say they cook the food, but they can't eat it. This is because work and worry and anxiety have begun to disorder the nerves which control the stomach and the intestines. What is needed is a real nerve tonic—Dr. Cassell's Tablets, in fact. This medicine is always a revelation to sufferers from indigestion. It tones the nerves of the stomach, and entirely revitalises the digestive tract. You will suffer none of those discomfort, pain, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite which the trouble causes if you take Dr. Cassell's. Try them. They simply must do you good.

**Mrs. Bryant's Signed Statement**

Mrs. Bryant, of 18, Brompton Road, Kensington, in an unsmiling letter, says:—"I want to tell you what a wonderful difference your tablets have made to me. I suffered from nervous trouble and indigestion and tried everything in vain, but when I took your tablets relief came at once, and I should very much like you to publish this letter so that others who suffer may receive the same relief that I have done."

**TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME,**  
and note how well you sleep, and how relaxed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Complaints Anemia Palpitation Nephritis Kidney Stones Diabetics Children's Weakness Nervous Weakness Restlessness

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Periods of Life.

**Dr. Cassell's Tablets**

Mrs. Price, 18 and 21—  
and by Dr. Cassell's own words, "in  
a month's time our sales doubled."

Order from your Chemist or Druggist.

Or send 2s. 6d. post free to Dr. Cassell's, 18, Brompton Road, London, S.W.1.



**NOVEL OFFER TO UNEMPLOYED.****PATIENTS WANTED.**  
BLOOD TESTS & LUXURY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Bath, Saturday.  
An advertisement just issued in Bath for a hundred healthy unemployed men to assist in experimental work in testing the action of the mineral waters at the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath, has had an electrical result.

The men will live in luxury for three weeks. They will undergo no suffering. They must submit to two slight blood tests, one on entering and another on leaving. They must be total abstainers for the period of the experiment, and submit to a certain curtailment of freedom.

They will be better fed and looked after than they have been since they started drawing the dole.

There has been a rush of volunteers, and the authorities have had a list of the thousand willing men.

The experiment marks the beginning of a notable research work Bath is undertaking to ascertain the cause of those rheumatoid diseases which inflict so much suffering on humanity, and the discovery of new remedial measures is expected.

**DOLE TO CONTINUE.**

The Mayor of Bath is deferring the cost of the initial experiment.

Dr. Vincent Coates, the international Rugby footballer, is one of the organizers of the experiment, and an expert chemist from one of the great universities has been engaged for six months.

By arrangement with the Labour Ministry the men will not lose their dole during their period of Sybaritic leisure.

The researches will extend over a period of several years, and the results will be published in scientific papers.

**FOUND WITH THROAT CUT.**

Early yesterday morning John Chittenden, 41, of Rockingham-st., New Kent, was found in his backyard with his throat cut and a razor by his side. The man, who had been suffering from influenza, died while being taken to Guy's Hospital.

**GOLDEN BALLOT**

You may win £5,000  
or £2,500  
or £1,000



or other wonderful prizes,  
but if you don't win one  
of these you win the happiness  
of knowing you have  
helped a little suffering child.

"Whoever  
goes  
a'mothering  
finds  
violet  
in the  
Lane."

**GOLD FOR THE WINNERS,  
VIOLETS FOR ALL.**

Tickets 5/- and 2/6  
(\$5,000 in the First Prize for 5/- Tickets only)

In aid of the Children's Wards of the 4 great  
London Hospitals: St. Mary's, the West London,  
and the Orthopaedic. All applications to be  
addressed to:

Mrs. C. F. LEVEL (Doubt 22).

**8, MARBLE ARCH, W.1,**

to whom cheques and postal orders should be  
made payable.

**COUPON.....**

Please send me..... Tickets

for which I enclose.....  
and stamped addressed envelope.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

**WIRELESS SETS**

HELLO!  
A.E.C. Calling.

**"WAVECATCHER"**

CRYSTAL or VALVE SETS  
COMPLETE IN ALL RESPECTIVE, READY TO  
SEND AND LISTED TO YOU.

Crystal Sets £4 50  
2 Valve .. £17 00  
3 .. £22 00

Despatched for next 10 days. 2 Days Free Trial.

**EASY PAYMENTS**  
ARRANGED TO SUIT ALL PURCHASES.  
Deposit Drawn Immediately to Order.  
Interest Free.

**ADNEY ELECTRIC COMPANY,**  
5, Barker Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

**BRITISH SKIPPER AND SLAVE GIRLS****Amazing Adventures in  
Arabia:  
Stocking a Sultan's  
Harem.**

**T**HE adventures of a British skipper in a harem, and how he was led into providing a sultan with beautiful women, are told in the following narrative.

For details & reasons we do not publish the author's name. He obtained the Board of Trade Master Mariner's ticket in 1890. Subsequently he commanded ships of various kinds, including some sailing liners. He speculated on the West Coast of Africa, and became a shipowner in Liverpool and London.

During his active career the writer gambled away a fortune of £80,000.

Exclusive to "The People."

THE world is a small place. When I came back from sea not many days ago, I met on Waterloo Station, London, the woman who had been a wife of the Sultan of Makallah, and for whom I had imperilled my life and lost a pile of money.

I must lead up to my narrative concerning the Sultan with another story. During the war I served in transport ships, and was "demobbed" in Aden. Following a spell of idleness, I took a job on with some Greeks to supervise the patching up of rotten coffin ships at Port Sudan and elsewhere. They made a pile out of them by sale, and I got my whack.

Now in Aden I had met at the Royal Sovereign Hotel an ex-Turkish naval officer, named Abdul. He had told me certain things about a number of iron chests containing more than £100,000 in Turkish gold—war treasure that had been intended for Arab chiefs and had been stolen. So I returned to look him up. That was in the beginning of 1902.

I was not long in finding him, and we struck a bargain. In a week we set out from Aden with a hired dhow (its owner was on a sharing basis with us) and a crew of 10 Arabs.

Our destination was Hodeida, in Yemen, and after calling at St. Louis, a salt port, we completed the voyage in 10 days.

**Attacked by Bedouins.**

At Hodeida we hired a caravan of 20 camels and pushed off to an old desert camp, some 75 miles distant, and a four days' journey.

Twice we were attacked by roving bands of Bedouins, but being well armed, we beat them off. Abdul's story was right enough. The boxes were intact where they had been hidden, and the money was there.

At dawn on the second morning, when we were preparing to make the return journey to Hodeida, we were attacked by an overwhelming force of Bedouins. It was all over very quickly. My Turkish friend was shot dead; some of the Arabs met a similar fate; I was made a prisoner. The treasure I never saw again, and for six months I was kept captive in an Aral village.

At the end of the time I was taken by an escort, and after some days of travelling I was set down on the borders of a small, beautiful town on the sea-coast, which proved to be Makallah. My appearance in the street, as I entered through a fortified gateway, created a considerable stir. I found there had not been a white man in the place for some time.

Fortunately I am able to speak Arabic, and was very soon escorted by some official personages to the palace of the Sultan Ben Hassan. I was given clothing such as is worn by the better-class of Arabs, and after eating a choice meal, I was given an apartment where I rested until the following morning.

**Sultana Gives Me a Job.**

Then I was summoned to the royal presence, being treated the whole time with great courtesy. The Sultan is a man of about 50 years of age. He is probably less in height than the average Arab, and somewhat portly. I soon found that he is an extremely capable and firm administrator of the territory of which he is the supreme and absolute lord.

He did not speak direct to me, but through an official who was his chief functionary and has a knowledge of English. When he learned that I was a British sea captain, he promptly offered me a position on his staff, which I gladly accepted.

The Sultan had long desired to have a steam yacht, and was then negotiating with merchants at Aden to acquire one. He instructed me to see to this, and having made the journey to Aden, by dhow, I spent some time there, completed the purchase of a good type of steam yacht, of some 50 tons, which had belonged to an Italian.

I got a crew, including two Italian engineers, and an Italian mate, who could speak English.

Now there is one matter in which the Sultan of Makallah surpasses, I am certain, any other Eastern potentate. That is in the numerical strength of his harem, the surpassing beauty of his women, their variety of Eastern nationality, and the beautiful and luxurious surroundings in which they live.

The harem consists of 300 women—many of them only entering on their teens, and were drawn from Yemen, Persia, Somaliland, and Arabia.

I soon found that, while some of these were acquired with comparative ease from various Arab chiefs and markets, many of them were come by through kidnapping. The Sultan pays well, but he is known as



one of the most exacting connoisseurs of feminine grace, charm, and beauty. But he had a thorn in his side.

Twelve months before my arrival, he had taken into his harem as his chief favourite a Russian countess. That is the lady I met at Waterloo Station—but she is in London under another name. She had been a refugee from Moscow—a pretty woman of about 25. She detested the life, and frequently raised such storms in the harem that I had reason to fear for her safety.

About the middle of January of this year I received instructions to proceed to Lamu to acquire a number of recruits for the harem. I had been to Lamu before. It is an old stone-built town, where once, about 1800, the Dutch had a settlement. It is more than 1,000 miles distant from Makallah, being on the Benada coast, on the Asian Sea.

It is the market for the purchase of the most beautiful of Eastern women—and that may go as the most beautiful women in the world.

To see their figures is to be spellbound by the perfection of the human form divine. In fact they are equally beautiful, having a mixture of Arab, Persian and fair-white blood in their veins—peachlike complexions frequently seen in octopians.

I knew that I had to bring about 20 girls, to be come by through purchase, and two sisters, daughters of an Arab merchant, living some miles outside the town. These, I learned later, were to be secured by other means.

I don't say the Sultan knew these two were to be stolen—but they had

been rumoured as the most beautiful creatures ever seen in that land of wonderful women.

**Countess and I Off.**

On going ashore, I at once took rooms and found that I was actually staying at the house which, for a time, had been occupied years ago by Rider Haggard, when he was getting local colour for Allan Quatermain.

The next morning the Arab merchant who transacted the Sultan's commissions waited upon me. I handed to him a small box containing a consignment of diamonds from the Sultan's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, later in the day, I had removed from the yacht to his house some small sacks containing rupees.

In return certain articles required by the Sultan were stored away. Then the serious purpose of the voyage was discussed. The merchant told me that matters would not develop for a week, and so for the next few days I had a good time, including an elephant hunt with a party organised by the merchant's son.

Well, I first of all, under a pretext of desiring to send money home, secured all the pay due to me, and some on account, and got permission to make a trip to Aden, with the loan of one of the State dhows. I let the Italian engineer into the scheme, and he gladly joined in, and found means of securing some precious stones without much cost.

The Countess was able to make her plans quite well to get out of the harem an hour before daybreak. At that time there was no difficulty, especially as there had never been any attempt at escape from so pleasant a prison.

She joined myself and the engineer on the spit, where we had the dhow ready. Knowing she would be missed at dawn, which was praying time, we got under way, just as the sun rose. There was a crew of six men, and they did not question our orders. The engineer had put the machinery of the yacht out of gear, so we knew there was no danger of pursuit.

**Paris Adventures.**

We reached Aden safely in three days and sent the dhow back.

Fortunately we were able the next day to get a steamer for Jibouti in French Somaliland, and there embarked on a French steamer for Mysore.

The countess and I travelled to Paris, and how I lost almost the whole of my money and nearly lost my life there, through becoming embroiled with some of her countrymen, is another story which I propose to narrate later.

Another instalment of the writer's adventures will appear in the next Sunday edition of "The People."

**RAID ON BRANDY VAULT.****\$1,000 HAUL ABANDONED ON PAVEMENT.**

The chance arrival of a carman frustrated the planned theft of nearly £1,000 worth of brandy from the cellars of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., in Southwark-st., S.E., early yesterday morning.

A gang of men, eight or nine in number, are believed to have been concerned in the affair, and it is possible that the same gang were responsible for the successful raid on the same cellar a few weeks ago.

When disturbed they had removed 92 cases of brandy from the cellars, carried them 50 yards, and stacked them ready for packing on a van to take away.

Going into the cartway, the carman heard several men running off in the darkness.

**BEFORE CEMENT HAD SET.**

It was found that an entrance to the cellars had been gained by wrenching the wall an iron grille fixed into the brickwork.

This grille had only been fixed the day previously and the cement had not set.

To get to the vault in which the brandy was stored the thieves had to open some iron doors, which they did by cutting through a padlock with a hacksaw.

Several empty champagne bottles lying about showed that the thieves had refreshed themselves while carrying the brandy cases to the cartway.

Sacks had been laid in the cartway to deaden any noise, and a horse and cart was waiting to be loaded.

The previous raid was executed in a similar manner.

**DESERTED ON HONEYMOON.**

Reserving his defence, Frank Chapman (28), a telegraphist, was at Stratford court yesterday sent for trial charged with bigamously marrying May Eagling at Leyton while his wife was alive.

Miss Eagling, employed at a City shop, went to Eastbourne for the honeymoon with accused, who, it was alleged, deserted her there, and she had to borrow money to return home.

Mrs. Chapman, who lives at Listowel, Co. Kerry, said she was unaware accused was carrying on with another girl.

**MOONSTRUCK MAN INSANE.**

The Addlestone (Surrey) man who stabbed his wife, daughter and two sons with a sharp instrument, and whose wife declared that he was "moonstruck" at every new moon, was yesterday certified as insane and removed from the infirmary to an asylum.

A daughter alleged that when she visited her mother unexpectedly on May 24, she found her very ill. She had had no doctor, nor had she been undressed or washed, and neighbours said she had been treated disgracefully.

The daughter also said that her father drank, and he and her mother had not got on very well of late.

**USED DEAD MAN'S PASSPORT.****MYSTERY RUSSIAN.****GAOL, DEPORTATION AND £100 FINE.**

Believed to be connected with the Russian revolutionary movement, Morris Cativa (35), physician, a native of Russia, was at Bow-st. court yesterday sentenced to six months' imprisonment and recommended for deportation. He was also fined £100 for making a false statement at the Regent Canal Dock in reply to inquiries by a police officer.

Accused, it was stated, was landed from a White Star liner at Southampton with a view of proceeding to Hamburg to be there transhipped for Hamburg. He was found to be using a passport originally issued to a man now dead, whose photograph and particulars had been replaced by those of accused.

In connection with the matter accused, in whose possession over £100 was found, made several statements to Det.-Sgt. Albers.

Mr. Melville, defending, said his client would plead guilty to both charges. The reason accused had used a dead friend's old passport was that in the present disturbed state of diplomatic relations with Russia he could not obtain a new one for himself. He had no idea of using it to enable him to stay in this country, his only object being to get back to Russia.

**FUNERAL STOPPED.****WOMAN'S DEATH NOT DUE TO CRIMINAL NEGLECT.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Rugby, Saturday.

It was found at the inquest at Rugby to-day on Mrs. Emma Bailey, wife of a cobbler, that there was no foundation for certain rumours which had caused the coroner to stop the funeral a few days earlier.

Miss Eagling, employed at a City shop, went to Eastbourne for the honeymoon with accused, who, it was alleged, deserted her there, and she had to borrow money to return home.

Mrs. Chapman, who lives at Listowel, Co. Kerry, said she was unaware accused was carrying on with another girl.

A daughter alleged that when she visited her mother unexpectedly on May 24, she found her very ill. She had had no doctor, nor had she been undressed or washed, and neighbours said she had been treated disgracefully.

The daughter also said that her father drank, and he and her mother had not got on very well of late.

*Let Rinso do the Big Wash for you*





## Once a Month Fashion Notes.

(Conducted by MIMI.)

LITTLE short full coats, generally made of black crepe-de-chine or marocain, are in great favour just now. They are worn over any type and colour of frock. Sometimes they slip over the head—jumper fashion—and are tied round the waist with a length of wide black crepe ribbon, while a favourite has a mocked collar, cuffs and hip pieces, and is fastened on the left with a large buckle.

The lining of these little coats is always of a fragile description, generally of patterned georgette.

Snocking, by the by, is coming rapidly into fashion, and is being used on evening cloaks as well as on the day-time coats.

One of the most trying details of fashion that has been introduced for many a long day is the Deauville handkerchief style. When it was introduced last year at Deauville, the most fashionable of French resorts, worn by certain



## THE HELPING HAND.

ALUM WATER.—This is used for rinsing curtains and muslin hangings, children's dresses and pinafores, rendering them non-inflammable. Dissolve 2oz. of alum in one gallon of water and use it for the rinsing.

RUST ON KNIVES.—Soak the blades of knives in sweet oil for half an hour, take them out and dig them into the soil several times, and then apply emery cloth, which will give a brilliant polish, and finally remove its rusty look.

BLACK FELT HAT REVIVER.—Simmer half a pound of logwood chips in a pint of water for a couple of hours. Strain. Add half a pint of water to the chips, boil for half an hour. Strain and mix the two liquids. Measure. Add enough water to make 16 ounces. Put into a large bottle, add half an ounce of chromate of potash, shake until dissolved. Brush the hat thoroughly and then sponge with the reviver. Keep the bottle well corked.

INSECTS IN FURNITURE.—It is very difficult to eradicate insects in furniture frames, especially when they appear to have been in the house for some considerable time. The following is an efficient method if persevered in.—Make a paste of methylated spirit, sulphur and, if the furniture be mahogany, red ochre, and rub well into all the small holes and pores. If walnut, substitute brown umber for the red ochre, or if larch, yellow ochre. The polish will afterwards have to be touched up as the spirit will spoil its lustre. Another plan is to thoroughly clean the wood with methylated spirit.

ANTS.—Ants, being averse to strong smells, can generally be got rid of by washing out the crevices with water. Another plan is to melt together half a pound of flower of brimstone with a quarter of a pound of potash. Place the two substances in an iron pan over a hot fire. When dissolved and mixed let them cool. Then crush finely. A little of this powder infused in water will cause the pests to

leave their most cherished hunting grounds.

STICKING LAMP WICK.—Lamp wicks sometimes stick and refuse to turn up and down easily. To remedy this try pulling out a thread at each edge. This will generally correct the sticking, but if it still continues it is probable that something is wrong with the burner—perhaps the teeth do not grip the wick properly, in which case nothing but a trip to the ironmonger for a drastic operation is of any avail.

TO SAVE LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Try the following to keep chimneys from breaking: Wash them thoroughly first in lukewarm soap suds, and secondly in hot soap suds, then rinse well in water as hot as you can bear on your hands, dry them thoroughly, and rub until they are warm from the friction and have not the least moisture in them. The first time they are washed after washing turn the chimney gradually until the chimney becomes heated. It is worth the trouble to do this, as it not only saves annoyance, but, in the long run, money as well.

Address orders, PATTERNS DEPT., "People," Mortimer Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

The following patterns are kept in stock in small, medium, large and O.S. sizes, and may be had by return of post. Requisition articles for the names of others.

Nurses' aprons. Men's shirts, Men's night-shirts, Men's underpants, 6d. each. Men's dressing-gowns, Nurses' dresses, pyjama suits, 9d. each.

Patterns may be had in the following stock sizes for:—

STOCK SIZE.	ROBE.	WAIST.
SMALL	34	26
MEDIUM	36	28
LARGE	38	30
O.S.	44	32

MEN.

STOCK SIZE.	CHEST.	WAIST.	SHIRT.	NECK.
SMALL	32	30	34	14
MEDIUM	35	32	35	15
LARGE	38	35	38	16
O.S.	44	42	46	17

CHILDREN.—State Age and Size.

BACK NUMBERS KEPT IN STOCK.



## A family of thirteen—all reared on Neave's

Mrs. N. M. ATKINS, of Groom's Farm, Frith End, Farnham, Surrey, writes:—"I feel it my duty to send you the enclosed photograph of myself and family of thirteen children, as I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of your Neave's Food.

All my children were brought up entirely on it, and the fact that none of them has ever had a day's illness speaks volumes for the strengthening and health-giving properties of your food.

Another great point in its favour is its cheapness, especially when compared with some of the foods introduced during recent years."

—March 17, 1923.

The above letter is typical of thousands we receive from general mothers telling of their satisfaction with Neave's Food. Many mothers write that although other foods have failed, when they have come to Neave's they have found the right food.

Your baby will not thrive on milk alone—give him Neave's

If you value your baby's future health—if you want him to grow up with a happy complexion, a strong body, and a sound mind—then follow the advice of the world's leading authorities. Give him Neave's Food. Your doctor, who is an expert in feeding, will tell you that Neave's Food has won a unrivalled reputation as the best infants' food. It is the oldest, cheapest, and easiest to digest.

Thousands of parents approve Neave's Food. Mothers by the thousand recommend it.

Send to all chemists, grocers and stores in old, certain, reliable towns, 1s. net; also 1s. and 2s. tins.

NEAVE'S FOOD LTD.,

FORDINGBRIDGE.

**Neave's Food**

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

A sample of Neave's Food, sufficient for several days, will be sent free on receipt of 3d. postage if you enclose the name and address of a reliable chemist, grocer or druggist.

Write to: NEAVE'S FOOD LTD., FORDINGBRIDGE.



No. 140.—Useful sports coat with large wrap collar and loose sleeves set into ordinary armholes. Two patch-pockets are on either side of the front. A loose girdle confines the fulness at the waist. 6d.

No. 141.—Smart sailor jumper frock for little girls 2½, 4, 6, 8 years. The sailor jumper has the sailor collar and cuffs of striped material and a black silk bow finishes the neck. The two-piece skirt is gathered slightly on to a sleeveless bodice. 6d.

No. 142.—Matron's useful wrap coat; the fronts are turned back to form revers and these are attached to the collar; the loose sleeves are set in. 9d.

No. 143.—Dainty dress for girls 10-12, 12-14, 14-16 years, for plain and fancy material. The fancy skirt is attached to the long-waisted bodice. The sleeves and boat-shaped neck are trimmed to match the three-quarter belt which arranges the fulness at the back and sides, and is finished with rosettes. 6d.

In order to ensure attention a stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed, and when answers to questions of a delicate nature cannot be printed or involve a written prescription, a ls. P.O. must be enclosed with the stamped addressed envelope. "The People" does not accept responsibility.

LADIES.

STOCK SIZE.	ROBE.	WAIST.
SMALL	34	26
MEDIUM	36	28
LARGE	38	30
O.S.	44	32

MEN.

STOCK SIZE.	CHEST.	WAIST.	SHIRT.	NECK.
SMALL	32	30	34	14
MEDIUM	35	32	35	15
LARGE	38	35	38	16
O.S.	44	42	46	17

CHILDREN.—State Age and Size.

BACK NUMBERS KEPT IN STOCK.

W. JEPSON.—No. 144.—HOLIDAY.—No. A. TICKET.—No. 145.—No. 146.—No. 147.—No. 148.—No. 149.—No. 150.—No. 151.—No. 152.—No. 153.—No. 154.—No. 155.—No. 156.—No. 157.—No. 158.—No. 159.—No. 160.—No. 161.—No. 162.—No. 163.—No. 164.—No. 165.—No. 166.—No. 167.—No. 168.—No. 169.—No. 170.—No. 171.—No. 172.—No. 173.—No. 174.—No. 175.—No. 176.—No. 177.—No. 178.—No. 179.—No. 180.—No. 181.—No. 182.—No. 183.—No. 184.—No. 185.—No. 186.—No. 187.—No. 188.—No. 189.—No. 190.—No. 191.—No. 192.—No. 193.—No. 194.—No. 195.—No. 196.—No. 197.—No. 198.—No. 199.—No. 200.—No. 201.—No. 202.—No. 203.—No. 204.—No. 205.—No. 206.—No. 207.—No. 208.—No. 209.—No. 210.—No. 211.—No. 212.—No. 213.—No. 214.—No. 215.—No. 216.—No. 217.—No. 218.—No. 219.—No. 220.—No. 221.—No. 222.—No. 223.—No. 224.—No. 225.—No. 226.—No. 227.—No. 228.—No. 229.—No. 230.—No. 231.—No. 232.—No. 233.—No. 234.—No. 235.—No. 236.—No. 237.—No. 238.—No. 239.—No. 240.—No. 241.—No. 242.—No. 243.—No. 244.—No. 245.—No. 246.—No. 247.—No. 248.—No. 249.—No. 250.—No. 251.—No. 252.—No. 253.—No. 254.—No. 255.—No. 256.—No. 257.—No. 258.—No. 259.—No. 260.—No. 261.—No. 262.—No. 263.—No. 264.—No. 265.—No. 266.—No. 267.—No. 268.—No. 269.—No. 270.—No. 271.—No. 272.—No. 273.—No. 274.—No. 275.—No. 276.—No. 277.—No. 278.—No. 279.—No. 280.—No. 281.—No. 282.—No. 283.—No. 284.—No. 285.—No. 286.—No. 287.—No. 288.—No. 289.—No. 290.—No. 291.—No. 292.—No. 293.—No. 294.—No. 295.—No. 296.—No. 297.—No. 298.—No. 299.—No. 300.—No. 301.—No. 302.—No. 303.—No. 304.—No. 305.—No. 306.—No. 307.—No. 308.—No. 309.—No. 310.—No. 311.—No. 312.—No. 313.—No. 314.—No. 315.—No. 316.—No. 317.—No. 318.—No. 319.—No. 320.—No. 321.—No. 322.—No. 323.—No. 324.—No. 325.—No. 326.—No. 327.—No. 328.—No. 329.—No. 330.—No. 331.—No. 332.—No. 333.—No. 334.—No. 335.—No. 336.—No. 337.—No. 338.—No. 339.—No. 340.—No. 341.—No. 342.—No. 343.—No. 344.—No. 345.—No. 346.—No. 347.—No. 348.—No. 349.—No. 350.—No. 351.—No. 352.—No. 353.—No. 354.—No. 355.—No. 356.—No. 357.—No. 358.—No. 359.—No. 360.—No. 361.—No. 362.—No. 363.—No. 364.—No. 365.—No. 366.—No. 367.—No. 368.—No. 369.—No. 370.—No. 371.—No. 372.—No. 373.—No. 374.—No. 375.—No. 376.—No. 377.—No. 378.—No. 379.—No. 380.—No. 381.—No. 382.—No. 383.—No. 384.—No. 385.—No. 386.—No. 387.—No. 388.—No. 389.—No. 390.—No. 391.—No. 392.—No. 393.—No. 394.—No. 395.—No. 396.—No. 397.—No. 398.—No. 399.—No. 400.—No. 401.—No. 402.—No. 403.—No. 404.—No. 405.—No. 406.—No. 407.—No. 408.—No. 409.—No. 410.—No. 411.—No. 412.—No. 413.—No. 414.—No. 415.—No. 416.—No. 417.—No. 418.—No. 419.—No. 420.—No. 421.—No. 422.—No. 423.—No. 424.—No. 425.—No. 426.—No. 427.—No. 428.—No. 429.—No. 430.—No. 431.—No. 432.—No. 433.—No. 434.—No. 435.—No. 436.—No. 437.—No. 438.—No. 439.—No. 440.—No. 441.—No. 442.—No. 443.—No. 444.—No. 445.—No. 446.—No. 447.—No. 448.—No. 449.—No. 450.—No. 451.—No. 452.—No. 453.—No. 454.—No. 455.—No. 456.—No. 457.—No. 458.—No. 459.—No. 460.—No. 461.—No. 462.—No. 463.—No. 464.—No. 465.—No. 466.—No. 467.—No. 468.—No. 469.—No. 470.—No. 471.—No. 472.—No. 473.—No. 474.—No. 475.—No. 476.—No. 477.—No. 478.—No. 479.—No. 480.—No. 481.—No. 482.—No. 483.—No. 484.—No. 485.—No. 486.—No. 487.—No. 488.—No. 489.—No. 490.—No. 491.—No. 492.—No. 493.—No. 494.—No. 495.—No. 496.—No. 497.—No. 498.—No. 499.—No. 500.—No. 501.—No. 502.—No. 503.—No. 504.—No. 505.—No. 506.—No. 507.—No. 508.—No. 509.—No. 510.—No. 511.—No. 512.—No. 513.—No. 514.—No. 515.—No. 516.—No. 517.—No. 518.—No. 519.—No. 520.—No. 521.—No. 522.—No. 523.—No. 524.—No. 525.—No. 526.—No. 527.—No. 528.—No. 529.—No. 530.—No. 531.—No. 532.—No. 533.—No. 534.—No. 535.—No. 536.—No. 537.—No. 538.—No. 539.—No. 540.—No. 541.—No. 542.—No. 543.—No. 544.—No. 545.—No. 546.—No. 547.—No. 548.—No. 549.—No. 550.—No. 551.—No. 552.—No. 553.—No. 554.—No. 555.—No. 556.—No. 557.—No. 558.—No. 559.—No. 560.—No. 56

## WIFE OF 'BUS CONDUCTOR WHO BECAME A DOCTOR.'

### SURMOUNTED OBSTACLES TO FAME BUT DIED POOR AND FRIENDLESS.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE PEOPLE")

A ROMANTIC story lies behind the bald announcement from Paris of the death of Madame Bres.

Madeleine Bres was one of the most remarkable women of her time, yet despite this fact, she died old, poor, neglected, blind.

The daughter of a carpenter of Nimes, Madeleine as a young girl spent much of her spare time helping the local sisters of charity in their work with the poor and sick. She had a natural genius for nursing, and as a young girl she conceived the notion of one day becoming a real doctor.

Her parents laughed at her idea as wild. And later, when she had been married at sixteen years of age to an omnibus conductor of Lyons, her husband, too, scoffed at the idea of his girl-wife becoming a doctor.

But little Madeleine persisted. She went surreptitiously and bought medical books; she studied after her babies were in bed.

Her reward came at length; she succeeded in passing her examination as Bachelor of Arts. The next step was to get to Paris and the medical school. She persuaded her husband to make the move, and the family, now consisting of the parents and eight children, moved to the great city.

Madame Bres presented herself at the Medical School of the University of Paris.

"What! You think to become a doctor?" cried the Bursar. "The idea is absurd, ridiculous, run away at once."

But the little mother had, above all things, courage. She went fearlessly to the source of justice; she went to the Empress Eugenie, and through her persistence she obtained an audience with Her Majesty. The Empress immediately espoused the cause of her little subject, drawn towards her, no doubt, by the tie of their common sex.

There was more trouble with the withheld her living is lavished upon University of Paris, but at last her dead.

## THE TAXI CRIME RIDDLE.

### GIRL'S STORY OF 'SCOTTIE' ON NIGHT OF DRAMA.

Charged with the murder of Jacob Dickey, a taxi-driver, Alexander Campbell Mason (22) was at Lambeth remanded until Tuesday.

Hetty Colquhoun (22) said she had lived recently in Charnwood-st., Pimlico, with a man named Vivian, the principal witness in the case. She had known Mason as "Scottie."

Mason, she said, called at Charnwood-st. on the afternoon of the taxi crime and left at 7.30 p.m., taking with him a gold-mounted stick belonging to Vivian. During the early hours of the following morning the prisoner called and knocked up Vivian.

"I noticed," said the witness, "that he had injured one of his fingers, and



James Vivian.



HETTY COLQUHOUN.

he stayed on in Paris, but the tide of good fortune seemed to have turned. Her husband died, and one after another her children followed, until only the mother remained.

Then Dr. Bres determined to devote herself to succouring the poor children of Paris. She equipped a small hospital, but she lost her all over it, and it had to be closed.

Then, final calamity, her eyesight began to fail. Proud to a fault, the woman who had given her all for others refused to make known to her friends her plight.

Gradually she sank into darkness, became totally blind, unable to work any longer for others or for herself. So this wonderful woman dragged out the last years of her life high up in a mean apartment in a back street of Old Paris.

And now that she is dead, she has been rediscovered, and the honour

also had the knee of his trousers torn. Mason seemed feverish."

he bathed it in disinfectant fluid. He

## WOMAN'S KISS IN REMARKABLE DRUG CASE.

### GRAPHIC POLICE ACCOUNT OF AN INTERRUPTED DOPE SCENE.

An amazing story of an interrupted dope scene was told at Marlborough-street Police Court.

Two men and a woman in the dock were alleged by the prosecuting counsel to be saturated with drugs.

An amazing story of an interrupted dope scene was told at Marlborough-street police court.

George Hope Johnstone (43), Julian Pinder (31), both of Jermyn-st., W., and Marjorie Hatton (29), of Oak Lodge, Heckley, Essex, appeared on remand charged, as unauthorised persons, with being found in possession of morphine tablets at an address in Jermyn-st.

Johnstone and Hatton pleaded not guilty, and Pinder guilty.

Directly the woman entered the dock she kissed Pinder on his right cheek.

It was a sisterly kiss, for that relationship was disclosed during the hearing.

"SATURATED WITH DRUGS."

"The case is a very serious one," said Mr. Musket, "and you (Mr. Mead) will see for yourself even to-day that they are all clearly saturated with drugs and in a hopeless state—I should think of moral and physical decay."

"Detective-sergeant Lewis saw the woman walk into Jermyn-st., and he followed her.

"He saw her leave a person she was with and go into a house in Jermyn-st. Later the same afternoon he saw Julian Pinder pass him near Well-st. and enter a public-house. He followed him to various parts of the West-end, and Pinder ultimately entered a post-office.

"Afterwards Pinder apparently became suspicious of being followed, and doubled back. Later the officer saw him inside a bus near some chemists of the name of Rowse, whose conduct may have to be investigated later in this case."

When Pinder went into Jermyn-st., added Mr. Musket, the sergeant got

help from Vine-st., and he and two officers—Det.-sgt. Squire and Det.-sgt. Patterson—went with the housekeeper at the address in Jermyn-st., to the top floor.

In a room of the flat were the three now in the dock.

"The woman sat near a table near an open window," said Mr. Musket describing the scene.

"Her hand was inside her blouse, and her two companions sat beside her. She appeared to be ill, and no doubt was ill."

"Sgt. Patterson caught hold of her left arm, and pulled it away from her blouse. In her hand was a syringe partly filled with liquid. She said: 'I have been trying to throw it out of the window.'

"In her other hand she had a small

syringe and a tube containing 13 tablets of morphine and atropine."

"MORPHINE TABLETS."

Continuing, Mr. Musket said that Sergeant Lewis told Pinder he answered to the description of a man who had obtained dangerous drugs by false prescriptions.

Johnstone meanwhile was noticed to be removing something from his waistcoat pocket. This turned out to be morphine in tablet form. Johnstone said he had got it from a chemist on doctor's prescription.

Pinder said the other two were innocent. He had obtained the drug, and he added: "we were just giving her some."

Pinder handed over to the detective some phials which contained morphine sulphate and atropine.

"It may be necessary to prefer other charges against one or more of these persons," Mr. Musket concluded, "and I think it will be necessary to prefer charges against other persons not before you, arising out of the case."

The accused were remanded in custody.

## CUPID'S WILES IN KITCHEN.

### DOMESTIC SERVANTS WED IN SIX WEEKS.

Surprising evidence was given at the resumed sitting of the Domestic Service Inquiry Committee.

Mrs. R. Davies, J.P., chairman of the Aberdare Juvenile Advisory Committee, said that in the last two years 503 girls were registered at the Aberdare Exchange, and of these about 400 were prepared to take up domestic work.

The Committee were only able to offer 147 notified vacancies, however, and actually placed 105 in domestic work.

The only explanation Mrs. Davies could give was that "there is practically no other avenue for girls in Aberdare."

Mrs. G. E. Mines, of Hereford, said there were plenty of well-trained domestic servants in Hereford, but that was before the war.

#### BRIDES IN SIX WEEKS.

Questioned by Miss Julia "Varley," Miss Mines said she thought the servant problem would be nearer solution if maids were allowed.

Use of the bathroom instead of bathing in their rooms;

To receive visitors occasionally, especially in cases where a girl was engaged; and

To get more opportunities for walks and games.

Miss Lilian C. Barker, Hon. Sec. Central Committee of Women's Training and Employment, speaking about the girls of Canning Town who went into domestic service, said that girls in that district got married extraordinarily quickly, and she told of the ones who became brides in six weeks—evidence which caused much laughter.

She emphasised that if a girl could get over the first week of domestic service she would stay on.

Explaining that she was against clubs for servants only, Miss Barker declared that "clubs for domestic servants are as deadly as clubs for teachers." She was in favour of shop girls and domestic servants meeting at the same clubs.

## POPULAR SONGS AND MUSIC IN "THE PEOPLE" EVERY WEEK.

### MY LITTLE JENNY.

(Sung by DOROTHY WARD.)

Written and Composed by JOE MOTT.

**Piano.**

Key E<sup>b</sup>.  
Adagio.

Sometimes I feel bad, sometimes I feel bad, The reason I'll  
The first time that we met, I never shall forget, Her face seemed to  
  
soon explain to you, I am deep in love, true as stars.  
me one mass of smiles, She said, "How'd you do," I said, "Well, are  
  
how? And I really don't know what to do, The girl I've found is  
Then we talked and walked for many miles, But what's the use of  
  
wonderful to me, She's sweet as it's possible to be.  
her without a purse, She's so married, seem I, that's worse.  
  
Copyright, 1923, by L. Silberman—Anglo-French Music Publisher, 128, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

**Chorus.**  
Her name is Jen - ny, my lit - tle Jen - ny, she's all  
the world to me, she's just as sweet as an - y,  
her cheeks are ro - ry red, With teeth like pearls, and lips like ru - bies; But we  
shall nev - er mar - ry, that's ve - ry plain to see,  
'Cause Jen - ny, ain't got a Jen - ny, That's the  
rea - son she'll nev - er mar - ry me, Her name is me.



THE DERBY—THE ROAD

What a wonderful difference there is in the method of reaching the Derby now and that of 50 years ago! One can hardly realize that in 1857 our forefathers were trotting to the famous Downs on horseback or driving in the queer-looking coaches depicted above. This old print is reproduced from the "Illustrated Times" of that date and if readers will study the picture carefully they will find that many of the present day "sights" of the road were in evidence then.

## RÓMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE DERBY. DARK DEEDS AND MYSTERY.

### M.P.'S AND EPSOM.

#### Member Suggests House Goes to "Derby."

(Special to "The People.") THE very name of the classic event run at Epsom is associated with romance, and throughout the years of its history one can point to events which have given the world a "nine-days' wonder."

The 12th Earl Derby instituted the great race, aptly named by Disraeli in "The Blue Riband of the Turf," in 1780; the year before he had named a race for fillies "The Oaks," after his estate at Banstead Downs.

The first Derby was won by Diomed with the famous jockey Sam Arnall in the saddle. Seven years later the sporting nobleman after whom the race is named was victorious himself with a horse named Sir Peter Teazle, so called after his wife, who was Miss Farren, the actress, before her marriage. She was playing the part of Lady Teazle when the Earl first saw her and succumbed to her charms.

The sport of kings has unfortunately always attracted a large number of crooks, and since the inauguration of the great race many attempts have been made by unscrupulous sportsmen to attain victory or otherwise by foul means. There are many mysteries relating to the Derby that can never be cleared up.

One of the most thrilling in the annals of the Turf is that which surrounds the sensational win of Running Rein in 1844, which saw the first disqualification of a Derby winner.

Mr. Wood, the owner of the beaten favourite, was so certain that the winner was a four-year-old that he not only lodged an objection immediately afterwards, but sought an order from the court to restrain the stake-holders from paying over the stakes.

#### Winner Disappears.

Consequently they were paid into court, and a law suit followed between Wood and Peel, the owner of Running Rein. It was brought before Baron Alderson, who, after hearing the preliminary statements, adjourned the case for a day in order that the horse in question might be brought into court for identification.

Imagine the tremendous sensation caused when next day the owner of Running Rein announced through his solicitor that the animal had completely vanished, and asked to be allowed to withdraw from the case. He alleged that the horse had been stolen by a rascally gang of touts, on whom he was unable to lay his hands. All manner of rumours were circulated as to the fate of Running Rein, and some held the theory that the horse was destroyed and buried, while others alleged that it was smuggled over to Russia, where it won many races under the name of Zanoni.

In the same year it was stated that some scoundrel found his way to drug Ratan, the second favourite, and his failure in the epic event was said to be responsible for the death of his young owner, who had backed the mount heavily and succumbed to the terrible disappointment.

In 1880 the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or was accused of being another horse altogether, without any justification. Curiously enough a jockey's pride was alone responsible for this horse reaching the post first.

Rossiter, riding Robert the Devil, obtained such a substantial lead that he felt perfectly safe in turning round to look at the oncoming field. The slowing down of his mount's pace consequent on his action gave opportunity to Fred Archer, on Bend Or, and he came with such an irresistible rush that he beat the other by a head. If you care to go to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, you will see the head of Bend Or preserved.

#### Attempt of Dragging.

In 1855, when Wild Dayrell won easily, leaving the field far behind, the owners detected a bold conspiracy to stop him. A group of gamblers, after bribing one of the stable lads to drug the animal, began to lay heavy odds against his chances, but they were thwarted by a bookmaker who had been offered a "stand-in" on the results.

He promptly gave information to the trainer, who prepared the scene for the reception of the expected nocturnal guest. Midnight came with a group of concealed men anxiously waiting for the treacherous one, and scarcely had he stolen into the stable than he was seized by his companions and thrown from the stable neck and crop.

Next day the gamblers had the mortification of seeing the object of their attentions jump home an easy winner.

The race of 1913, when the fanatical

(Continued in next column.)

beat Lord Clifden and 29 others some sixty years ago.

Another very successful bettor about this time was Mr. James Merry, a Scotch ironmaster, very rich, but very "close." It was said that when Mat Dawson led back Thoroughby in 1890, the owner's winnings amounted to £100,000 and he gave Custance, the jockey, £50 and read him a lecture on the vice of gambling!

James Merry's big coup, however, came a dozen years later, when Robert Peck trained Doncaster for the Derby. Turf historians appear to have shirked the true story of that particular victory. Something akin to a sensation occurred at the Doncaster sales of 1871, when Bob Peck bid up to 850 guineas for the son of Stockwell, who came up with the Sedgemoor yearlings, for the price was a big one fifty years ago. The colt, who was first called All Heart and No Peel, did not run as a two-year-old, although every body was on the look out for him.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as the colt by Buccaneer-Mineral, and a number of sharps, in their endeavour to beat the bookmakers, backed Sea Coal, thinking that was to be its name. Of course, they did not lose their money because there was no horse of that name in the race, but they thought it possible that there might be one. But nobody clature had nothing to do with the trouble—this was financial. Sam Lewis, the moneylender, had a lien on the colt, but played the part of a sportsman and got his owners through their difficulties.

**Earliest Type of Fraud.**

In the early days, before the train and telegraph were instituted, the results of the race-meetings were carried by horsemen and then it was that the racing crooks of the day hit on the earliest known type of betting fraud.

**Only Two Dead-Heats.**

There have only been two dead-heats for the first place in the Derby: between Cadil and The Colonel in 1823, and between Harvester and St. Gatiens in 1854. The last-named horse belonged to the late Jack Hammond, who after a very humble beginning in Turf affairs became one of the big professional bettors of his time. Sir Willoughby, the owner of Harvester, lodged an objection against St. Gatiens, but this was overruled. Hammond, it is said, won a very big sum over St. Gatiens, who was undoubtedly the better colt, for the following year he won the Gold Cup at Ascot.

The three biggest outsiders, each starting at 100 to 1, to secure the Blue Riband have turned up in quite recent years. The first of these was Jeddah in 1898. Then came the Italian-owned Signorietta some ten years later, who also scored a victory in the Oaks, and lastly Abeyour in 1913, the race in which Craganour was disqualified.

Should Ellangowan, who recently won

### IN THE OLD DAYS.

#### Vivid Description of the Rush to the Downs.

(From "The Illustrated Times," May 28, 1857.)

The Derby Day is emphatically the Londoner's holiday—or no other day throughout the year do the aristocratic, the middle, and the lower classes of society take their pleasure in common. On this particular Wednesday preceding Whitehouse week, London disgorges itself of the gay, the idle, the curious, and the speculative. The road is still the road, although not that of bygone years, for the mighty rail now contributes its means of access, and thousands prefer to save their time and money by exchanging the tax-cart, the gig, and the four-horse coach for the locomotive, which runs with the hundred thousands direct to Epsom.

The plain is covered—literally alive with the human and the equine world. The stands are crowded; vehicles—aristocratic and plebeian, stylist and snobish, tasteful and unpretending—line the course. Dorling, monarch of the grandstand, ever civil, ever accommodating, has sent forth his numberless Mercuries with lists of horses and riders, and every one has already named a winner. A hum, a buzz, a tumult pervades the vast crowd, above which rise the strains of popular music, the vociferations of the showmen, and the appeals of the itinerant vendors. Three o'clock, and the bell rings. "There is mounting in hot haste"; rushing to the starting post; clambering for a good view; bustle, struggle, clamour, fearful excitement.

See, a yelping cur followed by an indignation clerk of the course with thong prepared for mischievous runs across the course; a stray, adventurous "gent" essaying to join his friends on the other side; and a crowd of police, once in the way, pursue and arrest the daring spirit.

The noise is at its height; the fever has reached its crisis. "Off!" echoes along the line. A pause—a lull—a moment of frightful suspense. "Where are they?"

Quoting from the official list, the winners stand as follows:

Blink Bonny ..... 1  
Black Tommy ..... 2  
Adamas ..... 3  
Strathnaver ..... 4

Thirty ran. Won by a neck. A head between the second and third.

beat Lord Clifden and 29 others some sixty years ago.

Another very successful bettor about this time was Mr. James Merry, a Scotch ironmaster, very rich, but very "close." It was said that when Mat Dawson led back Thoroughby in 1890, the owner's winnings amounted to £100,000 and he gave Custance, the jockey, £50 and read him a lecture on the vice of gambling!

James Merry's big coup, however, came a dozen years later, when Robert Peck trained Doncaster for the Derby. Turf historians appear to have shirked the true story of that particular victory. Something akin to a sensation occurred at the Doncaster sales of 1871, when Bob Peck bid up to 850 guineas for the son of Stockwell, who came up with the Sedgemoor yearlings, for the price was a big one fifty years ago. The colt, who was first called All Heart and No Peel, did not run as a two-year-old, although every body was on the look out for him.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as the colt by Buccaneer-Mineral, and a number of sharps, in their endeavour to beat the bookmakers, backed Sea Coal, thinking that was to be its name. Of course, they did not lose their money because there was no horse of that name in the race, but they thought it possible that there might be one. But nobody clature had nothing to do with the trouble—this was financial. Sam Lewis, the moneylender, had a lien on the colt, but played the part of a sportsman and got his owners through their difficulties.

**Earliest Type of Fraud.**

In the early days, before the train and telegraph were instituted, the results of the race-meetings were carried by horsemen and then it was that the racing crooks of the day hit on the earliest known type of betting fraud.

**Only Two Dead-Heats.**

There have only been two dead-heats for the first place in the Derby: between Cadil and The Colonel in 1823, and between Harvester and St. Gatiens in 1854. The last-named horse belonged to the late Jack Hammond, who after a very humble beginning in Turf affairs became one of the big professional bettors of his time. Sir Willoughby, the owner of Harvester, lodged an objection against St. Gatiens, but this was overruled. Hammond, it is said, won a very big sum over St. Gatiens, who was undoubtedly the better colt, for the following year he won the Gold Cup at Ascot.

The three biggest outsiders, each starting at 100 to 1, to secure the Blue Riband have turned up in quite recent years. The first of these was Jeddah in 1898. Then came the Italian-owned Signorietta some ten years later, who also scored a victory in the Oaks, and lastly Abeyour in 1913, the race in which Craganour was disqualified.

Should Ellangowan, who recently won

the Two Thousand Guineas, follow in the footsteps of Ladas and carry the primrose and rose hoops to victory at Epsom this year? It will make the fourth Derby his lordship has won. Wealthy men have expended fortunes in their endeavours to win the elusive prize, and have never been within a measurable distance of attaining their great ambition. Lord Durham, who has been a member of the Jockey Club for close on fifty years, and has raced continuously for that period, is still patiently waiting for an opportunity. Others have secured the honour early on in their turf career.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as the colt by Buccaneer-Mineral, and a number of sharps, in their endeavour to beat the bookmakers, backed Sea Coal, thinking that was to be its name. Of course, they did not lose their money because there was no horse of that name in the race, but they thought it possible that there might be one. But nobody clature had nothing to do with the trouble—this was financial. Sam Lewis, the moneylender, had a lien on the colt, but played the part of a sportsman and got his owners through their difficulties.

**Only Two Dead-Heats.**

There have only been two dead-heats for the first place in the Derby: between Cadil and The Colonel in 1823, and between Harvester and St. Gatiens in 1854. The last-named horse belonged to the late Jack Hammond, who after a very humble beginning in Turf affairs became one of the big professional bettors of his time. Sir Willoughby, the owner of Harvester, lodged an objection against St. Gatiens, but this was overruled. Hammond, it is said, won a very big sum over St. Gatiens, who was undoubtedly the better colt, for the following year he won the Gold Cup at Ascot.

The three biggest outsiders, each starting at 100 to 1, to secure the Blue Riband have turned up in quite recent years. The first of these was Jeddah in 1898. Then came the Italian-owned Signorietta some ten years later, who also scored a victory in the Oaks, and lastly Abeyour in 1913, the race in which Craganour was disqualified.

Should Ellangowan, who recently won

the Two Thousand Guineas, follow in the footsteps of Ladas and carry the primrose and rose hoops to victory at Epsom this year? It will make the fourth Derby his lordship has won. Wealthy men have expended fortunes in their endeavours to win the elusive prize, and have never been within a measurable distance of attaining their great ambition. Lord Durham, who has been a member of the Jockey Club for close on fifty years, and has raced continuously for that period, is still patiently waiting for an opportunity. Others have secured the honour early on in their turf career.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as the colt by Buccaneer-Mineral, and a number of sharps, in their endeavour to beat the bookmakers, backed Sea Coal, thinking that was to be its name. Of course, they did not lose their money because there was no horse of that name in the race, but they thought it possible that there might be one. But nobody clature had nothing to do with the trouble—this was financial. Sam Lewis, the moneylender, had a lien on the colt, but played the part of a sportsman and got his owners through their difficulties.

**Only Two Dead-Heats.**

There have only been two dead-heats for the first place in the Derby: between Cadil and The Colonel in 1823, and between Harvester and St. Gatiens in 1854. The last-named horse belonged to the late Jack Hammond, who after a very humble beginning in Turf affairs became one of the big professional bettors of his time. Sir Willoughby, the owner of Harvester, lodged an objection against St. Gatiens, but this was overruled. Hammond, it is said, won a very big sum over St. Gatiens, who was undoubtedly the better colt, for the following year he won the Gold Cup at Ascot.

The three biggest outsiders, each starting at 100 to 1, to secure the Blue Riband have turned up in quite recent years. The first of these was Jeddah in 1898. Then came the Italian-owned Signorietta some ten years later, who also scored a victory in the Oaks, and lastly Abeyour in 1913, the race in which Craganour was disqualified.

Should Ellangowan, who recently won

the Two Thousand Guineas, follow in the footsteps of Ladas and carry the primrose and rose hoops to victory at Epsom this year? It will make the fourth Derby his lordship has won. Wealthy men have expended fortunes in their endeavours to win the elusive prize, and have never been within a measurable distance of attaining their great ambition. Lord Durham, who has been a member of the Jockey Club for close on fifty years, and has raced continuously for that period, is still patiently waiting for an opportunity. Others have secured the honour early on in their turf career.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as the colt by Buccaneer-Mineral, and a number of sharps, in their endeavour to beat the bookmakers, backed Sea Coal, thinking that was to be its name. Of course, they did not lose their money because there was no horse of that name in the race, but they thought it possible that there might be one. But nobody clature had nothing to do with the trouble—this was financial. Sam Lewis, the moneylender, had a lien on the colt, but played the part of a sportsman and got his owners through their difficulties.

**Only Two Dead-Heats.**

There have only been two dead-heats for the first place in the Derby: between Cadil and The Colonel in 1823, and between Harvester and St. Gatiens in 1854. The last-named horse belonged to the late Jack Hammond, who after a very humble beginning in Turf affairs became one of the big professional bettors of his time. Sir Willoughby, the owner of Harvester, lodged an objection against St. Gatiens, but this was overruled. Hammond, it is said, won a very big sum over St. Gatiens, who was undoubtedly the better colt, for the following year he won the Gold Cup at Ascot.

The three biggest outsiders, each starting at 100 to 1, to secure the Blue Riband have turned up in quite recent years. The first of these was Jeddah in 1898. Then came the Italian-owned Signorietta some ten years later, who also scored a victory in the Oaks, and lastly Abeyour in 1913, the race in which Craganour was disqualified.

Should Ellangowan, who recently won

the Two Thousand Guineas, follow in the footsteps of Ladas and carry the primrose and rose hoops to victory at Epsom this year? It will make the fourth Derby his lordship has won. Wealthy men have expended fortunes in their endeavours to win the elusive prize, and have never been within a measurable distance of attaining their great ambition. Lord Durham, who has been a member of the Jockey Club for close on fifty years, and has raced continuously for that period, is still patiently waiting for an opportunity. Others have secured the honour early on in their turf career.

His first race was the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he cut a very indifferent figure behind Gang Forward, being unplaced, despite a well-founded report that he had done well in a trial gallop with that splendid filly Marie Stuart. A few weeks later, however, he left his Newmarket form well behind and, starting at 40 to 1, managed to beat both Gang Forward and Kaiser, who had "lost" him in the Two Thousand Guineas.

A year or two later when Kishen won for the Hungarian brothers Baltazzi, there was a deal of mystery about the horse for weeks prior to the race. Till a few days before the race he was known as

**PENNILESS SOCIETY WOMAN STREET SINGER.**

**Court Beauty Who Succeeded on the Stage After Being "Cut-off" by Her Family.**

Miss Constance Honeywood, the first instalment of whose remarkable life story, "The People," is able to give this week, is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Courtney Honeywood, Bart.

During a varied career she has been opera singer, dancer, actress and street singer, and has met with many strange adventures.

In graphic sentences she tells how her husband's drug habits brought her to poverty and how he successfully fought the craving.

By MISS CONSTANCE HONEYWOOD.

I HAVE known what it is to wait, with tense nerves and palpitating heart, my turn to be presented at Court, I have been flattered and fawned on as a première danseuse in all the capitals of Europe, and I have had the probably unique distinction of dancing in the bizarre interior of a Turkish harem.

On the other hand, although trained by some of the leading opera singers of my day I have not hesitated to earn my living singing in the streets of suburban London, playing my own accompaniment on a portable harmonium.

Often when I have been using my voice in order to get the bare necessities of life in this way I have wondered whether among the passers-by who have gazed at me curiously there were any who had seen me at the time of my triumphs.

Yet in spite of my chequered experiences, I can honestly say that I have never been down and out. After each knock-down blow I have risen again and if my life story is good for anything to anyone who is discouraged by apparently overwhelming difficulties.

Born at Scott's Manor, a part of Kent with which are associated many romantic legends, I was the youngest of a large family and had eight brothers.

**Life of Contrasts.**

I am told that as a child my chief characteristics were exceptional independence, love of music and acting, and a passion for animals. The last-named led me into many remarkable escapades. For instance, when a toddler of two I wandered from the nursery of our beautiful home and was missing for some hours, being at last found by one of the stable-hands, who happened to go into a loose box, curled up fast asleep in a corner close to my favourite horse.

All through my life has been one of vivid contrasts. Its central tragedy is concerned with the drug evil, for my late husband, one of the dearest men in the world and an exceptionally clever musician, ruined his career and our domestic happiness by becoming an addict to cocaine.

My main object in bringing the sacred intimacies of my domestic life before the public is to sound a warning, but I am happy to say that from personal experience I can also give a message of hope. For my husband after sinking to the lowest depths of despair, was able by the assertion of all the strength of his manhood to overcome the cruel craving which made his life an alternation between hysteria and abject misery. I am proud that after he had thoroughly cleansed himself he was accepted for his country's service and died in the sacred cause of freedom. Like many another, he fell a victim to poison gas.

**Actress at 6.**

At the age of 4, my first appearance as an actress and dancer was made as an amateur at the age of six at my cousin's house in Smithfield. The late Duke of Edinburgh and his daughter, the Princess Marie, were guests. I appeared as a puppet, being carried in a brown paper parcel on the stage, where I was "wound up" to dance and talk. I did both with such success that I was greatly applauded, the Duke himself being among those who made a fuss of me.

A great part of my early childhood was spent at the house of an uncle on Romney Marsh. Having lost his only child he became devoted to me, and but for his tragic death this story would probably never have been told.

My education was started by a nursery governess, and I am afraid I was a bit of a pickle and a tomboy. When lessons were distasteful to me I would disappear and climb to the top of my favourite yew tree, where I knew that I was out of reach of my governess. My intractability resulted in my being sent away to school.

My first meeting with an opera celebrity was during a holiday from school. Madame Alibani invited my mother to take me to tea with her at the "Boltons," where I was persuaded after some difficulty to sing.

**Treasured Notice.**

Madame showed her pleasure at the performance by picking a rose from her garden and pinning it to my dress. That rose I treasured for years. So impressed was the singer with my voice that she strongly advised my parents to send me to Paris for lessons in singing and languages.

I was taken to the French capital by a cousin and shall never forget my arrival there with a dog, a bullock, a pile of luggage and a bicycle. For the last-named article I had to pay a tax of 25 francs before leaving the station.

After the preliminaries for entrance into the Conservatoire of Music had been gone through I was placed under a Belgian professor for voice produc-



tion, and the mistress of the Comédie Française for French diction. As I was compelled to take three subjects, namely, singing, piano and harmony, there was little chance for amusement.

I badly wanted to take lessons from Madame Pauline Viadot Garcia, the creator of "Carmen" who, though then a very old lady, was still a marvellous artist. I was given for my name to be put down among those wishing to become her pupils. Her fee for one lesson was 30 francs, and none but those with exceptional vocal gifts could hope for selection.

How I shook in my shoes as I waited for my turn to go through the necessary exercises and scales! To me my voice sounded very weak, and when the pianist started my first exercising nothing could be heard until I gained confidence.

Yet to my delight and astonishment I was told to join those already chosen. Madame told me afterwards that she had not picked me for strength of voice, but on account of its sweetness and my artistic temperament.

**My Impatience.**

On one occasion, however, my spirit of independence came uppermost, and I rebelled against the famous singer's severe and exacting methods. I was studying "Carmen," and considered that I had become note and word perfect in the part. I was told to stand at the end of a long music-room to sing it, and although I was not to perfect in the Song of Seville, Madame complained at my pronunciation of one French word.

This proved too great a trial for my patience, and I walked down the room, took my music from in front of the pianist, and, turning to Madame Viadot, said, "Bon jour, Madame, and walked petulantly from the room.

When I arrived home I was told that my behaviour had finished my musical career in Paris. This incident had an unexpected sequel, for next morning I received a letter from Madame, requesting me to call.

When I did so, Madame Viadot looked steadily at me, and speaking in French, said, "My child, if it had not been for your artistic temperament you would not have acted as you did, but do not let it happen again." Then, pointing to the other end of the room, she added, "Go and sing the Song of Seville."

After this episode I made such good progress that Madame wished to train me for opera, but my mother would not sanction my going on the stage.

The first time I sang in public was at a large concert in Paris, after which I was engaged to sing professionally at the American Embassy. When my mother heard this she insisted on my leaving Paris and sent me to Frankfort to study German diction.

In order to perfect myself in the language, I was placed with a German family who could hardly speak a word of English. I should mention that while in Paris I became engaged to a Dutch nobleman, but to this I still longed to follow a musical career.

**"Scooted" on to Stage.**

My mother, if left to herself, was always found in her studio, as she was a clever sculptor. One of her greatest friends was Mrs. Leslie Ward (the mother of "Spy"), at whose studio I spent a lot of time. Among other studios we visited was that of Watts, the great R.A. Anything appertaining to Art interested me.

Another bosom friend of my mother's was Mrs. Fleetwood-Wilson, the mother of Sir Guy. They were both constant visitors at our house. I well remember seeing one of the Royal processions from the balcony of the offices where Guido Fleetwood-Wilson worked. At the finish of the London season we had a large party for the Canterbury cricket week, and I played in the ladies' team versus the Kent team, who played left-handed.

After this, being allowed to accept an invitation to visit a friend, I took the chance which presented itself of trying to achieve my ambition, and "did a scoot" on to the stage.

Arrived in London, I visited the managing director of the Empire, Leicester-sq., who had known me from a baby, and was a great friend of my father's.

Presenting my card, I was soon by him, and his greeting was: "Well, little devil, what are you doing here?"

My answer was, "I am going on the stage."

When he replied that he would take me back to my mother I said that I should only run away again!

He then decided to get me on, and took me to the author of a new play, which was to be produced at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square. I was lucky enough to be given a small part and two understudies. I was also put under the care of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil, who were playing the lead in the play.

I must here mention that when in Paris I had quietly been studying ballet and international dancing under M. Georges and M. Arragon, the latter being trainer of La Belle Otero and Carmenita, and both masters considered me to be an accomplished dancer.

The day for my presentation arrived, and what a day! Perhaps a brief reference to the preparations will not be without interest. Very early in the morning the hairdresser came and did my hair in regulation style, feathers and all complete. Next a big white sheet was spread on the floor, and on this I was told to stand perfectly still.

**WHEN WIFE QUILTS HOME.****"DESERTED" IN LAW.****HUSBANDS FAIL TO GET ORDER REVOKED.**

Illustrations of what the law regards as desertion are afforded by three cases before the President of the Divorce Court and Mr. Justice Hill.

Mr. H. Thomas, tobacconist and confectioner, of Greenwich, appealed from a magistrate's order finding him guilty of deserting his wife. On June 16, 1922, a quarrel arose and the husband told his wife in "Army language" to clear out, which she did, going with the children to her parents in E. Wales.

Regretting his hasty words, the husband went down the next day to beg his wife to come back, but she refused to see him. Later he wrote: "Don't, for God's sake, break up our lives and home for a few hasty words."

Mr. Thomas now pleaded that he never deserted his wife in fact, but the wife contended she was forced to leave home owing to his conduct.

Holding that the magistrate's order must stand, the President said this was not a case of an act of momentary folly, because there was ill-use of the wife before the date of the desertion.

George Munday unsuccessfully appealed from a "desertion" order made at Greenwich.

The wife declared that "words" arose over the eldest son. The husband came home the worse for drink, struck her and threatened her with the tongue and began to smash up the furniture, with the result that, being in fear of her life, she went away.

Later her husband sent her a key of the house, but she never went back, and eventually found he was living with another woman at Ashford, Middlesex.

Counsel for the husband said there was no doubt that when his wife left him, the husband found he had no one to cook his eggs and bacon of a morning, so he found someone else to do it.

The President asked what was the object of the husband in sending the key of the house.

Counsel: A kind of invitation, I suppose, to come into my parlour and look after the place sort of thing. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Elizabeth Cannon, of Spencer-nd, Acton, obtained a magistrate's order against her husband, Alfred Edward Cannon, for desertion, which the latter sought to set aside.

Mrs. Cannon said she was deserted in the summer of 1913. Her husband had since "married" another woman.

Mr. Wickham, for the husband, contended that the man had never had a chance of putting his own case before the magistrates.

The appeal was dismissed, with costs.

**ACTOR'S EXPLOITS IN THE RING.****FIGHTING CAREER OF MR. CARL BRISDON.**

(See also to "The People.")

Few people who have seen the debonair Prince Danilo in the revival of "The Merry Widow" know that the handsome young man who plays the part is welter-weight boxing champion of Mid-Europe, and has a long list of victories to his credit.

One and all are agreed that Carl Brisdon plays the Prince with the grace and accomplishment of the perfect lover, and his pleasant smile has won him the highest favours in the hearts of the feminine play-

goers.

Six feet in height, dark, and of muscular build Mr. Brisdon bears an exception to a facial likeness to Georges Carpenter, and this, coupled with some of hisistic performances, accounts for his being nicknamed "The Danish Carpenter."

He comes from an athletic stock, and his brother is now heavy-weight champion of Scandinavia.

Prince Danilo's record is a fine one. When only 15 he captured the Danish schoolboys' championship, in two rounds, and straightway was embarked on a professional career.

Later, after winning many fights, he went to Germany and defeated the famous Otto Flint, thus winning the welter-weight championship of Mid-Europe. At 17 he had 22 victories to his credit, and up to the outbreak of war had only been defeated once by the knock-out. His next successes included the defeat of the welter-weight champion of Belgium, Alfred Leitner; and Harry Scherts of Switzerland. He then became champion of Sweden in his class at 19 st. 7 lbs. by out-pointing Kari Stevenson, the Olympic games champion.

At this stage he was called upon to meet Dick Nelson, the man who had taught Brisdon all he knew of the noble art, and Mr. Brisdon confessed to this day that it was the most unpleasant fight he ever experienced.

Nelson was fighting for the championship and the money it would bring him, while the young boxer was brought to the point of being forced to defect one of his oldest friends.

Brisdon lost—mid decisive tauts from his supporters—but with the knowledge that the old boxer would live in comfort for some time afterwards.

In their next meeting Brisdon defeated Nelson in 15 rounds, and then held the championship until the acceptance of his extracts necessitated his retirement from the ring.

"I am not really a fighter," explained Mr. Brisdon to "The People." "Somewhere or other I lack the temperament to go in and finish my man. You will notice from what record I have that most of my victories have been on points. Once or twice I have won a bout quickly, but usually I have fought right through."

**TOWN SCARED BY BARE LEGS.****REVUE GIRLS MUST PULL UP THEIR SOCKS!**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Sunderland Corporation watch committee, after notifying local theatre managers that their licensees would be opposed if they allowed bare-legged women to appear in revue choruses, asked neighbouring boroughs to adopt a similar course.

Gateshead has declined on the ground that whereas girls up to nineteen years of age occasionally act without leg coverings, older women aristocrats invariably wear tights.

**FATE OF 29 PETS.****CRITICS OF A DOGS' HOME AT PROTEST MEETING.**

Lady Lumb was in fighting form at the Steinway Hall meeting to protest against actions of the Grand Council of Our Dumb Friends' League.

The principal points raised were the recent destruction of 29 mostly healthy, dogs at the North London Dogs' Home, and the appointment of a new committee of "three business men who wanted to run the home on business lines." The Home, she said, had been started as a humane institution. Her view was it had become a shambles.

She hoped every member there would attend the next election meeting and "kick out" unsatisfactory members of the Grand Council.

Captain Applin, in a powerful speech, paid a tribute to a section of the Press which had recently put the facts of the North London Dogs' Home before the public, specially mentioning "The People," and "Truth."

"And what better friends," he said, "could you have on the side of a humane society than the truth and the voice of the people."

Mr. de Verteuil told how a dog which he purchased from the home some time ago returned several times to the home out of fidelity. "The last time he went," said Mr. de Verteuil, "there was nothing the matter with him, but he was included among the dogs ordered to be destroyed."

Referring to the statement that certain members of Our Dumb Friends' League had "wobbled" on the question of vivisection—some even openly approving of it—Sir George Greenwood, who gave harrowing evidence of experiments on dogs, hoped this would be made a test question.

A resolution declaring that "the present administration of the League was unsatisfactory," was carried.

The appeal was dismissed.

**FROM CIRCUS TO PULPIT.****PASTOR'S ROMANCE.****A NEWSBOY, A TRAMP, AND A CONVERT.**

Few people have had a more romantic career, fraught with hardship and disappointment, than the Rev. G. A. Metcalf, who is leaving his church at Mansfield to become general secretary of the Wesleyan Reform Union, in succession to the Rev. E. Bromage, of Sheffield.

As a boy he was with Sanger's circus and afterwards sold newspapers in the streets of Leeds, Bradford and Stockton-on-Tees.

Eventually he was converted and his first pastorate was at Sheffield.

**IGNORANT OF HIS RIGHTS.****Husband Who Was Enlightened After Six Years.**

How he learned of his legal rights after six years was related to Sir Henry Duke in the Divorce Court by Fred Chas. Corp, upholsterer, of Castle-hill, Winchester, who sought a decree of nullity of his marriage.

Mr. Corp said he went through a ceremony of marriage with Bertha Kathleen Ball on July 14, 1905. They lived at Russell Villas, Newbury, but the marriage was never consummated, although they were together until late in 1912, when they entered into an agreement to separate.

Counsel (Mr. Tyndale): At that time did you know the condition of your wife entitled you to have your marriage annulled?—No.

Witness added that although a solicitor drew up the separation deed, the latter never said anything about witness's legal rights. After the deed, added Mr. Corp, for the first time he learned of his legal rights and began these proceedings.

Medical evidence was given and a decree of nullity granted.

**CHARGE THAT FAILED.**

On the ground that the evidence of identification was too slight, Charles Sturch, a tyre repairer, was acquitted at London Sessions on a charge of breaking and entering the residence of Sir Thomas and Lady Gallwey, in Felham-place, South Kensington, and stealing a bangle and other articles.

Accused was discharged.

**JERSEY CROPS DESTROYED.**

One of the worst thunderstorms on record broke over Jersey yesterday. Tons of potatoes growing on sloping ground were washed out of the earth, and thousands of young tomato plants were destroyed, while much damage was also done to the fruit crops.

**INSURANCE FOR THE PEOPLE****A LIFE or GENERAL  
BRANCH POLICY  
WITH THE  
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE**

CO., LIMITED,

provides the simplest means of making adequate provision for DEPENDENTS and OLD AGE, etc., and protection against financial loss caused by FIRE, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY, etc.

**LIFE INSURANCE**  
at Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly,  
Half-Yearly and Annual Premiums.

**ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE  
BUSINESS TRANSACTED.**

**MODERATE RATES,  
SOUND SECURITY.**

HEAD OFFICE:  
142, Holborn Bars, E.C.1.

For Railway and Steamboat announcements see page 15.

**The People.**

OFFICES: (60, Wellington Street) STRAND.  
Advertising: Arundel Street.

PHONE: Managerial: GERRARD 8888-9.  
Editorial: CENTRAL 8888-9.  
Advertising: CENTRAL 8888-9.

TELEGRAMS: PROFIL, BARS, LONDON.

**DECONTROL IN TIME.**

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's new Rent Bill is a clever compromise which should solve an extremely difficult problem. Rent control will continue to June, 1925, and tenants with grievances may get relief from the County Courts, assisted by Reference Committees, up to June, 1930. Tenants are thus given adequate protection. They are also safeguarded in another way, as the law against premiums by subterfuge is to be strengthened; concessions are to be made to landlords who desire to occupy their own houses, and sub-letting after July next without the landlord's consent may entitle him to possession.

The Bill will thus put an end to the system by which a few practically worthless articles are put into a house or flat for the purpose of making iniquitous profit out of a would-be tenant, and to the trick of obtaining premiums by methods more ingenious than honest.

Another good feature of the Bill is that unoccupied houses are to be devolved at once. One sees everywhere, along with the shortage of houses, empty houses. Mr. Chamberlain's Bill will compel the owners of these houses to let, while at present they will only consent to sell. Greedy tenants, who profit by sub-letting, are like grasping landlords, also held in check by another provision.

The Bill is a well-thought-out measure which should give a new impetus to building while we are passing through after-war uneconomic conditions. Of course, it will meet with criticism. It will be attacked by the extreme landlord party and the extreme Labour party, but opposition from extremists on both sides only proves the justice of the measure.

An amendment has been put down against the Bill by the Liberals. It objects to fixing a date for decontrol "in the absence of any assurance that there will be a sufficiency of houses available by that date." A sufficiency of houses depends on factors which cannot be foreseen, such as a decrease in the price of raw material, a fall in rates and taxes, an increase in trade, and other contingencies.

The Bill, by giving State and municipal assistance to housing and encouragement of private enterprise, will bring us back within a reasonable and definite time to the principle of supply and demand. It will loosen the purse-strings of the investor and encourage the speculative builder to pursue his ordinary vocation with a sense of security.

Nothing will do more to eliminate the bad landlord and the grasping sub-letting tenant than a great impetus to building, and this is what the Bill aims at and will most probably achieve.

**KING GEORGE IS 58  
TO-DAY.**

KING GEORGE is 58 to-day, and has just recently completed the 13th year of his reign. Congratulations reach him from all quarters of the Empire, testifying, if testimony were needed, to the love and esteem in which he is held. Wherever the English language is spoken, and in many places where it is not, King George is known and revered as Monarch and as Man. The King's name is indeed a tower of strength, a great moral force.

In this country, where his great qualities of head and heart are so intimately known, his popularity has been long established upon the solid rock of a people's confidence and esteem, a popularity not slavishly sought after, as some few obscure critics have insinuated, but justly and honestly won by a faithful and untiring discharge of onerous duties and never-failing regard for the interests of his subjects.

King George is above all a Constitutional monarch; his subjects, jealous as they rightly are for their hard-won privileges, have never had cause for a single moment's anxiety upon this head. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the British Constitution is not a written document.

It is not a little remarkable when we think of it to know that during all our post-war troubles there has come from no one having the least claim to representative authority one word of reproach to the Royal House of Windsor. Perhaps the best proof of this is that we do not think of it. During the war the King set a noble example to the nation, and his subjects were not slow to recognise his high-minded action and to follow his lead.

The King has seldom an idle moment. Apart from the ceremonies and public functions in which he takes part and of which the public know, he is continually occupied in granting audiences and reading and signing documents. He reads more official documents than any member of his Government except the Prime Minister. He must also keep himself abreast of public opinion by reading newspapers. His working day must run into 12 hours. He rises every morning at 7 o'clock and goes out for a ride at 8. He never retires to rest before 11 p.m.

In every department of life King George is at the head and in the hearts of his people, sharing their joys and sorrows; exhorting, encouraging; pointing, as it were, to a better world and leading the way. Who can forget that great scene at the Wembley Stadium on April 29 last on the occasion of the English Cup final, when the struggling thousands of spectators were reduced to order by the coming of the King, and the mighty throng stood bare-headed and sang the National Anthem as it had never been sung before? Who but the King could by his mere presence have evolved order out of chaos as by magic, and so prevent what might have ended in a great calamity?

And so with the crowd we take off our hat to-day and say with equal loyalty and affection—"God Save the King."

**TAXING BETS.**

THERE will be no difficulty in collecting a tax on bets if the committee now investigating the subject recommend it and the Government adopts it.

The Board of Customs and Excise have been working for two years on this question, and have produced a scheme which simplifies the process of collecting the tax and at the same time moralizes the betting business.

Briefly, it provides that all bookmakers, whether on horse-racing or football, must be licensed annually, the licensing fee being £10. With regard to cash betting the licensing fee will be £20, and the transactions must take place in betting offices. It is proposed that the tax should be 10 per cent. on the turnover, and that tickets should be issued to licensed bookmakers through the Post Office, just like postage stamps, so that the collection of the tax would consist in selling the tickets.

With regard to the tax on bookmakers who have regular offices, they would be required to make weekly or monthly returns of their business.

Under this scheme street betting would remain illegal, but it would be impossible for bookmakers to transact business in the streets, as they would only receive tickets if the business were done in licensed offices. All undesirable bookmakers would be driven out of the business, as, in order to obtain a licence, every bookmaker would require to be recommended by the licensing justices.

The Excise Board estimate the income from the betting tax would be 10 millions a year. This is on the assumption that the turnover of betting is 100 million pounds a year, whereas it is generally considered that it is nearer 300 million.

**RANDOM RHYMES.**

Who wrote that idiotic thing called "I am saddest when I sing"? It must have been about the spring.

Thank heaven, we have seen the last of spring's baneful blast; Presumably the winter's past.

No more I'll sport, I am afraid, With Amaryllis in the shade; I've finished with that frosty maid.

For I've discovered, to my cost, That Amaryllis is a frost; Her spring-time reputation's lost.

It's time to sing another tune; I'll sing a song of "Flaming June," From hell and rain and snow immune.

At any rate, it used to be, Although it now occurs to me, "Twill be as well to wait and see."

**TALK of the PEOPLE**

By WIDAWAKE.

**A Snake Story—Mr. Lloyd George and the "Wee Freez."  
—Wireless Progress.**

**CIGARETTE PAPERS.**

By the Longer.

THE war taught us so much about matters military that I am sure hundreds of my readers shared with me an intense interest in the fore-shadowing of the new regulations to His Majesty's Foot Guards. The nose-long rifle long enough to reach from the ground to the neck was, it appeared, to be held at the soldier's left side in the "Order arms" position, instead of at the right, and the officer's sword held at the "Carry," but no sword scabbard to be worn. Bayonets also were eliminated, and bayonet scabbards. The officer, too, might wear a Military Cross, but not the war medals which usually accompany it.

Sir Hugh Denison

was

also

responsible

for

establishing

an

independent

cable

service

between

England

and

Australia

in

opposition

to

the

Government

of

Australia

.

As those regulations were laid down for that almost sacred ceremony, the Trooping of the Colour at the Horse Guards, I went to see the spectacle with the keenest anticipation.

To my surprise (though I cannot truthfully add, my disappointment) the Guards adhered to the old-fashioned drill, which they performed with their customary precision. Arms and equipment were as heretofore.

I can only assume, therefore, that the directors of the Underground Railways have been sadly misled, and that the clever artist who drew their advertising poster will be kidnapped, cast into a dungeon and tortured by having to listen to Shaw's play being broadcasted for seven hours every day.

"Coming home to-night," wrote good Mr. Pepys in 1663, "a drunken boy was carrying (carried) by our constables to our new pair of stocks to bind them, being a new pair and very hand-some."

It seems as though this pretty once, once so popular, might come into favour again, for certain people who object to Sunday golf have appealed to the courts to administer an Act of William III, which provides a penalty of two hours in the stocks for those who indulge in pastimes on the Sabbath. The famous links at Portrush are in question, and should the "anti's" win they are quite prepared to set up "a new pair and very handsome" of these useful contrivances.

The Second Statute of Labourers (1350) ordered this mode of correction for "unruly artisans." Exactly what this phrase meant I am not certain, but it would be pleasant to see the statute applied to certain noisy Members of Parliament who are fond of boasting of their manual skill.

It was also punishment for "brawling, drunkenness, and all disorderly conduct," and really the idea seems pretty sound. With stocks set up round the base of the Eros statue, Piccadilly Circus on the morning after a Boat Race or a Varsity match would be a pleasant and improving spectacle.

For some time past I have been watching with deep interest the inquiry being held under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour into the question of domestic service. I had at first intended to remain neutral, but the position has now become so difficult that I can no longer withhold a measure of gentle guidance.

One has simply to look at these problems with sympathetic eyes. For example, it is stated that the young ladies who are good enough, for a modest wage, to pare the mud off our boots with table-knives and to burn out matutinal porridge dislike such terms as "General" and "Servant" But

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

Why not unite all these fair domestics assistants in a great movement to be called the Sisters of Service? No more "Mary Jane" or "Emma" or even "Jenkins" or "Parker"; instead, such sweet names as "Sister Euphrosyne" and "Sister Eve." Imagine the moral effect on a formerly impudent employer. (By the way, instead of "mistress" one would, of course, use such term as "Matriarch").

Instead of this sort of thing:

Mrs. Jones: Emma, tell cook to order beef for dinner, and some sole if its good, and don't forget the milk-pudding for the children, and we'll have cheese-latte soufflé; oh, and send Mary to me; this room's only half dusted.

Emma: Yes, mum, but—

Mrs. Jones: Don't argue, please . . .

(Exit Emma, grumbling.)

We should hear something like this:

Matriarch: Sister Hortense, please beg Sister Hortense to prepare for us one of her delightful little dinners with beef in it, I think, and perhaps a chocolate soufflé if she agrees. And I am sure she will remember the darling milk-pudding-pudding. Oh, and if Sister Melisande has finished her breakfast the dear girl positively eats nothing; she must have a glass of Healthovin every day at eleven in future—you might ask her to spare me a moment.

There's a tony weeny speck of dustkins behind the piano—

Sister D.: I feel confident, Matriarch, that Sister Melisande—

Matriarch: Yes, yes; so do I . . . How well that cap becomes you . . . But do run along now; time is simply rushing—

Sister D.: I'll fly, Matriarch!

(Exit Sister Drusilla, humming)

"Oh, oh, my sweet Hortense."

And then as to clothes, you know The nest-handed Phyllis would simply knock the milkman silly when she opened the door attired in a tight-fitting blue tunic with short sleeves turned back with narrow white lace; a short blue skirt with pique-edging, double ruffles, guimpes and accordions pleating, and two rows of buttons down the side; silk stockings with white clockings on a blue ground; patent leather shoes and a smart cap, with a single quail's feather fastened by a bronze clasp bearing, in brilliants, the motto "J'y suis; j'y reste."

For outdoor wear she would have a graceful cloak, held on the left shoulder by a silver brooch made in the form of a spoon, and in inclement weather high-heeled Russian boots of blue stamped leather would replace the shoe.

And yet people say that these problems are insoluble. Fust!



"PROTECTED UNTIL 1928."

**YOUTHFUL FAGIN FOR BORSTAL.****AMAZING PLOT.****DETECTIVE DESCRIBES HOW IT WORKED.**

A diminutive and pale-faced officer sat in the dock at the Marylebone Police Court and listened with apparent indifference to the story of his dishonest exploits.

Accused, Albert Till (17), of Southampton, North Kensington, was described as the mind behind various thefts and frauds upon the Post Office during the past six months. He was charged with stealing and receiving 16 postal order forms from the Clifton-nd. (Paddington) Post Office, in conjunction with two schoolboys who are under remand.

An extraordinary story was unfolded by Sgt. Peacock, attached to the G.P.O.

It appeared that Till, having been sent to an industrial school in 1916, and acquitted on a charge of setting fire to a motor garage in 1921, obtained a situation as an office boy.

**MISSING MONEY.**

Money and letters containing cheques began to be missed, and after the mysterious disappearance of 25 such letters, accused was discharged.

It was then that he observed the workings of the Post Office with regard to the issue and cashing of postal orders, and put the knowledge gained into dishonest practice. His hands being too large to go under the grill at the post office, he obtained the assistance of two schoolboys.

He then purchased a £1 postal order and, having scribbled two or three signatures upon it, he sent one or other of the schoolboys into the Wembley Post Office to cash it. The addition of the signatures necessitated the clerk leaving the counter and going to the supervisor, and in his absence the boys under accused's suggestion stole an official date stamp and a pad.

Following the same system he hired bicycles and he and the boys obtained postal forms from various post offices, and, taking them into a churchyard where he had concealed the stamp and pad, he proceeded to stamp the orders as if they had been issued from the Wembley Post Office. They were then signed for and presented for payment.

Altogether he and the boys obtained £20 7s. in this way before the thefts were discovered.

The magistrate described the thefts as both clever and crafty, and sentenced accused to three months' modified Borstal treatment.

**NELSON'S FLAGSHIP.****H.M.S. VICTORY'S RESTORATION BEGUN.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
Portsmouth, Saturday.  
"She must be saved; she will be saved!"

So said Earl Howe at a picturesque ceremony in Portsmouth Dockyard, inaugurating the work of restoring Nelson's flagship the Victory to the design she presented in the fighting days of Trafalgar.

The old ship was recently removed into dry dock because of the increasing decay of her timbers, and she is now supported by ten strong steel frames which form a cradle in which she will rest so long as she can be preserved.

Throughout the years, additional repairs necessitated by the strain of active service and of a life of idleness in Portsmouth Harbour have altered the appearance of the vessel.

The main alteration has taken place at her bow, which for many years had supported the weight of her mooring chains.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Devonport Sturdee, who is president of the Nautical Research Society, said he had received over £35,000 for the "Save the Victory" fund, and he still required £20,000.

**MAJOR AND THE GIRL.**

"I Shall Never Leave You in the Lurch."

At South-West London Court yesterday, Major A. F. Handley, of the Junior Army and Navy Club, Whitehall-court, was summoned at the instance of Emily Gould, a young woman living in Earlsfield-nd., who alleged that the man was the father of her child.

Defendant, represented by counsel, denied the paternity.

Complainant, after describing the incidents of their meeting, was questioned regarding three other gentlemen, but said they were not friends of hers.

Mr. May, for complainant, drew attention to a letter said to have been written by defendant to Miss Gould, in which she wrote, "You need not fear. I shall never leave you in the lurch."

Mr. Crouch (defending): Don't you know that had no reference to your condition? He was leaving for Mansfield and wrote saying he would not leave you.

Complainant said the letter was in answer to her informing him of her insomnia.

Reference was made to another letter of the defendant's, and the magistrate, however, counsel, said the correspondence was sufficient to justify him making an order.

Defendant was ordered to pay 10s. a week, together with £7 10s. expenses, to complainant and £10 10s. costs.

Mr. Crouch said that defendant would probably appeal.

**COUNTESS "GASSED.**

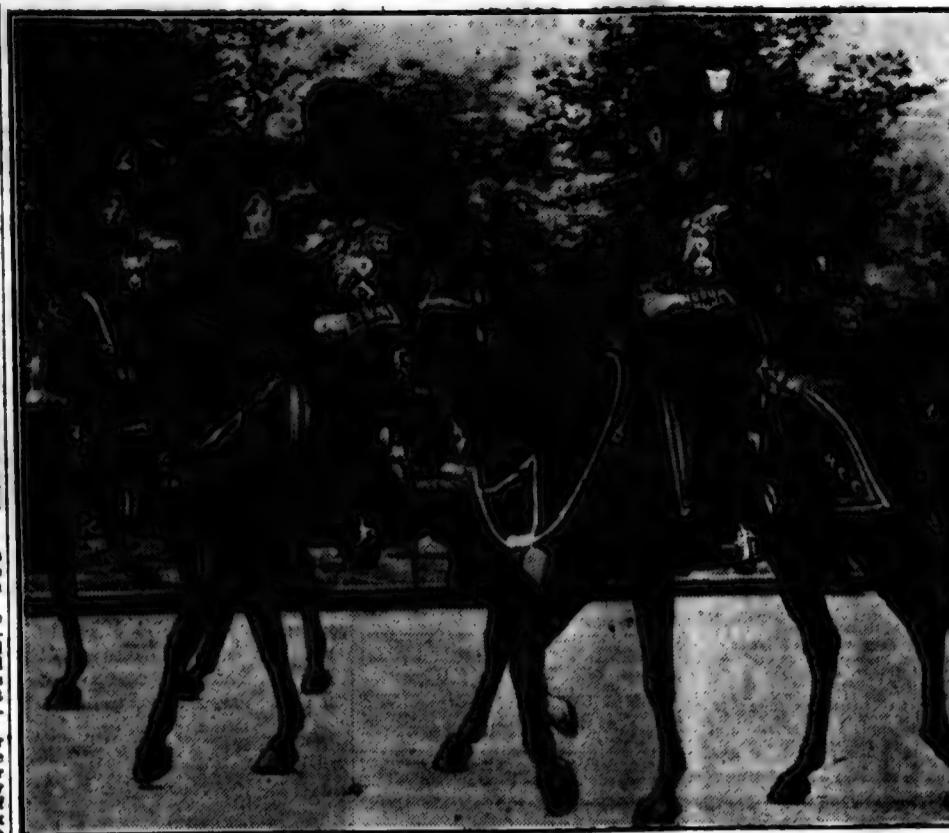
Madame Edith Lurich, an elderly woman, stated to be a Russian countess, was found gassed and unconscious in her house at Clifton, near Bristol, yesterday.

She was taken to the infirmary, where she lies in a critical condition.

**TRAGEDY OF BOY CRIPPLE.**

Worry, apparently, about his deformity and because he had to wear a surgical boot, led, it was stated at a Wandsworth inquest, to the death of Charles Putnam (16), a cripple, whose body was found on the railway.

"The boy," said the coroner, "took his life in a fit of depression."



The King with the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Sweden (on the left) heading the procession from Buckingham Palace for the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade yesterday.

**MYSTERY TRAGEDY IN CHURCH.****BOY DEAD IN BOILER—SISTER RECOVERS.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Newport (Mon.), Saturday.  
A mysterious tragedy was discovered at Pontypool last evening.

Some people passing Trance Church heard screams in the church, and on investigation found George Brooks, aged four, and his five-year-old sister Nellie in the water-filled boiler used for heating the building.

The boy was dead, but artificial respiration resulted in the restoration of the girl, though she is not yet out of danger.

Mrs. Brooks, the mother of the children, is a widow, her husband having been killed at a colliery accident about a year ago. She had been caretaker of the church, which has lately been used as a hall.

It is stated that a door had to be forced open by the people who discovered the tragedy.

**TO SAVE BEACHY HEAD.****EASTBOURNE MAY BUY LAND TO STOP BUILDING.**

Beachy Head, the breezy cliff of the South Downs, near Eastbourne, and a very popular spot with holiday-making folk, may soon become the property of the town of Eastbourne, if not of the nation.

A proposal is to be laid before Eastbourne Council that they should approach the Duke of Devonshire and the terms on which he would sell the land forming Beachy Head.

There was an original proposal from the Duke's agent that the town should take over and maintain the road from the top of the parade to Beachy Head, and the larger plan is a development of this scheme. Councillor Carter is of the opinion that the Duke would probably sell the land at a reasonable price, even if he did not make a gift of the land to the town.

There has been some suggestion of building on the slopes overlooking Eastbourne, and it is thought to be a local and a national duty to save Beachy Head from the builders.

**CHANCE FOR COMMERCIAL.**

"My days are apparently numbered," was an entry made in the diary of Victor Hutton (37), a commercial traveller, of Victoria-chambers, Westminster, who at Wimbledon court yesterday was bound over charged as a suspected person and with obtaining three small sums from local traders.

It was stated that accused, who had borne a good character, would be given another chance by his firm.

**LONDON BREVITIES.**

"Thin Beer" is Prebendary Carlile's topic this evening at the Monument Church.

A dental film, "The Care of the Teeth," will be shown by the Ivory Cross at Australia House, Strand, on Saturday at 5 p.m.

A memorial tablet in honour of those members of the University Club, Bethnal Green, who fell in the war will be unveiled this afternoon by the Mayor of Kensington.

Shorelith Council is asking the L.C.C. to secure legislation to compel owners of block dwellings to light staircases and landing.

A fashion parade and a cabaret will be feature of St. Dunstan's "Derby" Day next at the Royal Central Hotel.

Menzelbach's "Hymn of Praise" will be given with full orchestra at 6.30 p.m. today at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

At the London Hippodrome this evening, an entertainment is being held in aid of the funds of the London Fever Hospital—the oldest in England. Sir London Ronald, Sir Charles Jevrey, Sir Max, Kirby Lunn and Mr. Owen Nares, among others, have given their services.

**BOB SMILLIE'S BID FOR SEAT.****MORPETH CANDIDATE.****BY-ELECTION IN STRONG LABOUR BOROUGH.**

Mr. Robert Smillie, ex-president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, has been unanimously invited to stand as Labour candidate in the pending Morpeth Borough by-election.

Mr. Frank C. Thornborough was yesterday selected again as Liberal candidate for the seat.

The choice was made at a meeting of Morpeth Liberal Council at Bedlington, which was attended by 100 delegates from various societies.

Morpeth is essentially a Labour seat, and the vacancy occurred through the sudden death of Mr. John Cairns, who has represented the borough since 1918.

Mr. Robert Smillie is most popular among the miners, and is considered to be one of the most suitable candidates it is possible to find for Morpeth, although his policy has been held by some to be a little too far advanced.

In a letter expressing his willingness to stand, Mr. Smillie states that he does not wish to displace the local candidate, but, on the other hand, Mr. E. Edwards, who is favoured by the resident nominees, stated that he would not oppose the claim of such an honoured member as Mr. Smillie.

The figures at the last general election were:

John Cairns (Lab.) ..... 15,026  
F. C. Thornborough (L.) ... 10,007  
C. S. Shortt (C.) ..... 6,045

Lab. majority ..... 5,019

The Morpeth Borough Unionist Council decided yesterday not to contest the by-election.

**HONOUR FOR HONOURS CHAIRMAN.**

Lord Dunedin, who figured in yesterday morning's Honours List as a Grand Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, is now laid up with a sharp attack of influenza at his home, Stenton, Dunkeld, Perthshire.

Lord Dunedin was chairman of the Royal Commission which last year investigated the question of the distribution of honours.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1882, has had a distinguished career both as politician and sportsman. He was educated at Harrow (where he was

rugby champion) and Cambridge. In 1905 he became Lord Justice General and since 1913 has been a Lord of Appeal. He is also "Keeper of the Great Seal of the Principality of Scotland."

**BOAT TRAIN'S ESCAPE.**

The Chatham and Dover boat express had a narrow escape from disaster at Allington (near Maidstone), passing the spot just after some iron chairs, put on the line apparently by train-wreckers, had been discovered and removed.

One of the chairs had been cut in two by a fast train, but the driver of a slow train, which followed, pulled up within a few yards of the obstruction.

**GIRL ATTACKED IN "LONELY LANE."****STRUCK ON FOREHEAD AND HAIR CUT OFF.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Hastings, Saturday.

A mysterious attack upon a young woman is being investigated by the Sussex police.

Miss Miriam Gammon, an attractive girl of eighteen years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gammon, of Telham High Farm, Battle, was on Tuesday evening attacked by some unknown assailant as she was fetching water. Her hair was cut off, she was badly bruised on the forehead, and was knocked over.

So sudden and savage was the attack—her assailant seems to have sprung at her—that she fell in a faint.

As she did not return home her father and her sister went out to search, and they found her lying, still unconscious, in a quiet lane not far from the farm.

Carrying her home they succeeded in reviving her.

When able to be questioned, Miss Gammon could, unfortunately, give no sort of description of her assailant. The attack, she said, was made so noiselessly and suddenly that she had no time to turn round and face her assailant.

The police are thus without any descriptive clues; but they are making a thorough search over a wide area and are carrying out the closest possible investigation.

**HONEST POLITICIANS.****LD GREY'S TRIBUTE TO OLD AND NEW PREMIERS.**

Viscount Grey, speaking at the National Liberal Conference at Buxton, paid a great tribute to the new Prime Minister and his predecessor.

"Mr. Bonar Law," said Lord Grey, "has had all through his political life a singular power of disarming enmity or envy, and he will carry with him into retirement in a very peculiar degree the respect, regard and good will and the friendly feelings of his political opponents, as well as of his political friends."

Mr. Stanley Baldwin the speaker said: "He seems to have acquired the position of Prime Minister by two qualities—integrity of purpose, and the capacity for knowing his own mind and speaking it. I regard his methods as honourable to himself, his party and the public life of this country."

"I believe," said Viscount Grey, "that Liberal reunion is coming from the rank and file of the party in a perfectly natural and automatic manner."

**THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.**

For the fourth year in succession a pair of tomtits have built a nest in a Faversham post-office letterbox.

Bournemouth Corporation is to proceed at once with the cliff protection works, to cost over £50,000.

The programme for Uxbridge shopping centre includes a band concert, rink concerts, "Merry England," sports, an Old English Fayre, and a boys' matinée.

Housing scheme costs show that five firms of solicitors were concerned in the transfer of a piece of land, costing £13,000 at Irthington, Bucks.

The annual general meeting of the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, will be held on June 11, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall.

Optimism. Bournemouth Corporation reports that it has bought straw hats for the members of the orchestra.

Attacked by Bees on Roof. While working on the roof of a house near Henley-on-Thames, Mr. G. H. Bedford Pursey, painter and decorator, of Staines, Middlesex, was attacked by a swarm of bees, and severely stung about the eyes.

Duchess as Nurse. The Duchess of Bedford, who is continuing her nursing duties at Woburn Hospital, is one of the busiest workers on the staff. She attends daily at 7 a.m., takes her share of the ordinary duties, and is present at all operations.

**"JEKYLL AND HYDE" APPEAL.****INSANITY PLEA TO SAVE EX-SOLDIER.**

"The People" is informed that an appeal will be entered early this week against the sentence of death passed at the Old Bailey on Robert Duck, a Fulham ex-soldier, for the murder of Nellie Pearce.

Mr. Leonard Spofford, Duck's solicitor, has intimated that the appeal will be made on the ground that the condemned man was suffering from epileptic insanity when the crime took place.

The appeal will be argued by Mr. J. Lockwood, who made such an able defence on Duck's behalf at the trial.

Dr. Eric Copland, who in his evidence at the trial declared that "sudden emotional distress in man inclined to epilepsy may actually change his personality," like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, asserts that there are many living examples of men of a dual personality.

After he was five years old, said Dr. Copland in an interview, Duck suffered from epileptic fits, and it was axiomatic that a person who was once an epileptic was always liable to pass into such a condition under mental stress.

He thought that in Duck's case the mental stress he had undergone had been sufficient to bring about such a condition.

**TIED TO TREE IN GARDEN.****Sequel to Trouble Between Playmates.**

A strange story of a schoolboy being tied to a tree in a garden was told at the Marylebone court yesterday, when Mr. Oggington, of 18b, Warrington-ctres, Maida Vale, was summoned for assaulting two boys, Claude and Alarie Weller, of 177, Sutherland-ay.

The boy alleged that when they called to the defendant's house to return a hat belonging to his son, he struck one of them several blows with the bat on the head and hit the other one with his hand and kicked him.

Defendant said the two boys used to be friendly with his son, but recently they attacked the boy in the grounds at the back of the house, tied him to a tree, pushed a handkerchief into his mouth and beat him with a piece of wood in the face, and rifled his pockets.

Two men went to the boy's aid and liberated him. Next day, said defendant, they again attacked the boy and took his hat. Defendant said he was advised by an inspector to take proceedings against the boys for robbery with violence, but he did not do so.



# GREATHART

## A POWERFUL LOVE STORY

By Ethel M. Dell.



### CHAPTER I The Wanderer.

**B**EDFORD MALONEY stood at the window of her mistress's bedroom and surveyed the world with eyes of stern disapproval. There was nothing but the smart lady's maid about Biddy. She abominated smart lady's maids. A fly-away French cap and an apron, barely reaching to the knee, were to her the very essence of flighty impropriety. There was just such a creature in attendance upon Lady Grace de Vignes, who occupied the best suite of rooms in the hotel, and Biddy very strongly resented her existence. In her own mind she despised her as a shameless busy-wholly devoid of all ideas of "decency." Her resentment was partly due to the fact that the indecent one belonged to the party in possession of the best suite, which they had occupied some three weeks before Biddy and her party had appeared on the scene.

It was all Master Scott's fault, of course. He ought to have written to engage rooms sooner, but then to be sure the decision to migrate to this winter paradise in the Alps had been a sudden one. That had been Sir Eustace's fault. He was always so sudden in his ways.

Biddy sighed impatiently. Sir Eustace had always been hard to manage. She had never really conquered him even in the days when she made him stand in the corner and go without sugar in his tea. She well remembered the snowing occasion on which he had flung sugar and basin together into the fire so that the others might be made to share his enforced abstinence. She believed he was equal to committing a similar act of violence if balked even now. But he never was balked. At thirty-five he reigned supreme in his own world. No one ever crossed him, unless it were Master Scott, and of course no one could be seriously angry with him, poor dear young man! He was so gentle and kind. A faint, maternal smile relaxed Biddy's grim lips. She became aware that the white world below was a flood with sunshine.

### Her Heart's Desire.

The snowy mountains that rose against the vivid blue were dream-like in their beauty. Where the sun shone upon them, their purity was almost too dazzling to behold. It was a relief to rest the eyes upon the great patches of pine-woods that clothed some of the slopes.

"I wonder if Miss Isabel will be happy here," mused Biddy.

That to her mind was the only thing on earth that really mattered, practically the only thing for which she ever troubled her Maker. Her own wants were all amalgamated in this one great desire of her heart—that her darling's poor torn spirit should be made happy. She had wholly ceased to remember that she had ever wanted anything else. It was for Miss Isabel that she desired the best rooms, the best carriages, the best of everything. Even her love for Master Scott—poor dear young man!—depended largely upon the faculty he possessed for consoling and interesting Miss Isabel. Anyone who did that earned Biddy's undying respect and gratitude. Of the rest of the world—save for a passing disapproval—she was scarcely aware. Nothing else mattered in the same way. In fact, nothing else really mattered at all.

Ah! A movement from the bed at last! Her quick ears, ever on the alert, warned her on the instant. She turned from the window with such mother-love shining in her old brown face under its severe white cap as made it as beautiful in its way as the paradise without.

"Why, Miss Isabel darling, how you've slept, then!" she said, in the soft, cooing voice which was kept for this beloved being alone.

Two white arms were stretched wide outside the bed. Two dark eyes, mysteriously shadowed and sunken, looked up to her.

"Has he gone already, Biddy?" a low voice asked.

"Only a little way, darling. He's just round the corner," said Biddy tenderly. "Will ye wait a minute while I give ye your taff?"

### His Message.

There was a spirit-kettle singing merrily in the room. She busied herself about her withered face intent over the task.

The white arms fell upon the blue travelling-ring that Biddy had spread with loving care outside the bed the night before to add to her mistress's comfort. "When did he go, Biddy?" the low voice asked, and there was a furrow quality in the question as if it were designed for none but Biddy's ears. "Did he—did he leave no message?"

"Ah, to be sure!" said Biddy, turning her face for a moment. "And the likes of me to have forgotten it! He sent ye his best love, darling, and ye were to eat a fine breakfast before ye went out."

The sad eyes smiled at her from the bed, half-gratified, half-incredulous, like the eyes of a lonely child who listens to a fairy-tale. "It was like him to think of that, Biddy. But I wish he had stayed a little longer. I must get up and go and find him."

"Hasn't he been with ye through the night?" asked Biddy, bent again to her task.

"Nearly all night long!" The answer came on a note of triumph, yet there was also a note of challenge in it.

"Then what more could ye have?" and Biddy winced. "Leave him alone for a bit, darling. Husband's are better without their wives sometimes."

A low laugh came from the bed. "Oh, paddy, I must tell him that! He would lose your hon-mots. Did he—he say when he would be back?"

"That he did not," said Biddy, still absorbed over the kettle. "But there's nothing in that at all. Ye can't be always meeting a man to size yourself off. Now, mayonnaise, I'll give ye your taff, and ye'll be able to get in when we feel like it. Ah! There's Master Scott! And would ye like him to come in and have a cup with ye?"

Three soft knots had rounded on the door. The woman in the bed raised herself, and her hair fell in glory around her, hair that at twenty-five had been raven-black, hair that at thirty-two was white as the snow outside the window.

START THIS  
NEW SERIAL  
TO-DAY.



"I FEEL LIKE CINDERELLA BEING DRESSED FOR THE BALL."

"Is that you, Stumpy dear? Come in!"

Her voice was hollow and deep. She turned her face to the door—a beautiful, wasted face with hungry eyes that watched and waited perpetually.

The door opened very quietly and unobtrusively, and a small, insignificant man came in. He was about the size of the average schoolboy of fifteen, and he walked with a slight limp, one leg being a trifle shorter than the other. Notwithstanding this defect, his general appearance was one of extreme neatness, from his colourless but carefully trained moustache and small, trim beard to his well-shod feet. His clothes—like his body—fitted him perfectly.

His close-cropped hair was also colourless, and grew somewhat flat back on his forehead. His pale grey eyes had a tired expression, as if they had looked too long or too earnestly upon the turmoil of life.

He came to the bedside and took the thin white hands outstretched to him on which a wedding ring hung loose. He looked with the uplifted face.

"Have you slept well, dear?"

Her arms reached up and clasped his neck. "Oh, Stumpy, yes! I have had a lovely night. Basil has been with me. He has gone out now; but I am going to look for him presently."

"Many happy returns of the day to ye, Master Scott!" put in Biddy rather pointedly.

"Ah yes. It is your birthday. I had forgotten. Forgive me, Stumpy darling! You know I wish you always the very, very best." The clinging arms held him more closely.

Birthday Present.

"Thank you, Stumpy," Scott's voice was as tired as his eyes, and yet it had a certain quality of strength. "Of course it's a very important occasion. How are we going to celebrate it?"

"I have a present for you somewhere, Biddy, where is it?" Isabel's voice had a note of impatience in it.

"It's here, darling! It's here!" Biddy bounded up to the bed with a parcel.

"Indeed, take it from her and turned to Scott. "It's only a silly old cigarette case, dear, but I thought of it all myself. How old are you now, Stumpy?"

"I am thirty," he answered smiling.

"Thank you very much, dear. It's just the thing I wanted—only too good!"

"As if anything could be too good for you!" his sister said tenderly. "Has Eustace remembered?"

"Oh, yes. Eustace has given me a saddle, but as he didn't think I should want it here, it is to be presented when we get home again." He sat down on the side of the bed, still inspecting the birthday offering.

"Haven't you had anything from anyone else?" Isabel asked, after a moment.

"I thank his heart. Who else is there to bother about a minnow like me?"

"You're not a minnow, Scott. And didn't—didn't Basil give you anything?"

Scott's tired eyes looked at her with a sudden stir. He said nothing; but

a piteous look came into Isabel's face under his steady gaze, and she dropped her own as if ashamed.

"Whish, Master Scott, darling! for the Lord's sake don't ye go upsetting her!" warned Biddy, in a sibilant whisper. "I had trouble enough last night. If it hadn't been for the draught she wouldn't have slept at all, at all."

Scott did not look at her. "You should have called me," he said, and leaning forward took his sister's hand.

"Isabel, wouldn't you like to come out and see the skaters?" There was some wonderful luging going on, too."

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

She started at that, and gave a quick shiver. "Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She started at that, and gave a quick shiver.

"Basil, where is it?" Isabel's voice had a note of impatience in it.

"It's here, darling! It's here!" Biddy bounded up to the bed with a parcel.

"Indeed, take it from her and turned to Scott. "It's only a silly old cigarette case, dear, but I thought of it all myself. How old are you now, Stumpy?"

"I am thirty," he answered smiling.

"Thank you very much, dear. It's just the thing I wanted—only too good!"

"As if anything could be too good for you!" his sister said tenderly. "Has Eustace remembered?"

"Oh, yes. Eustace has given me a saddle, but as he didn't think I should want it here, it is to be presented when we get home again." He sat down on the side of the bed, still inspecting the birthday offering.

"Haven't you had anything from anyone else?" Isabel asked, after a moment.

"I thank his heart. Who else is there to bother about a minnow like me?"

"You're not a minnow, Scott. And didn't—didn't Basil give you anything?"

Scott's tired eyes looked at her with a sudden stir. He said nothing; but

a piteous look came into Isabel's face under his steady gaze, and she dropped her own as if ashamed.

"Whish, Master Scott, darling! for the Lord's sake don't ye go upsetting her!" warned Biddy, in a sibilant whisper. "I had trouble enough last night. If it hadn't been for the draught she wouldn't have slept at all, at all."

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

"Have you got, say, darlin'?" coaxed Biddy, on her other side.

Billy Eustace will be coming to look for you if you don't," said Scott.

"Oh no, I don't want Eustace to see me. Basil, let him come here. Stumpy, will you if he doesn't?"

She did not raise her eyes; her whole demeanour had changed. She seemed to drop as if all animation had gone. "I don't know, she said listlessly. "I think I would almost prefer to stay here."

# GREATHEART A POWERFUL LOVE STORY

By ETHEL M. DELL.

(Continued from page 13.)

charted forest, through which there rose the sound of a rushing stream.

Scott paused to listen, but instantly his sister laid an impetuous hand upon him. "I can't wait," she said. "I am sure he is just round the corner. I heard him whistle."

He moved on in response to her insistence. "I heard that whistle too," he said; "but it was a mountain-boy."

He was right. At a curve in the road, they met a young Swiss lad who went by them with a smile and salute, and fell to whistling again when he had passed.

Isabel pressed on in silence. She had started in feverish haste, but her speed was gradually slackening. She looked neither to right nor left; her eyes perpetually strained forward as though they sought for something just beyond their range of vision. For a while Scott limped beside her without speaking, but at last, as they sighted the end of the pine-wood, he gently broke the silence.

"Isabel, dear, I think we must turn back very soon."

"Oh, why?" she said. "Why? You always say that when— There came a break in her voice, and she ceased to speak.

Her pace quickened, so that he had some difficulty in keeping up with her, but he made no protest. With the utmost patience he also pressed on.

But it was not long before her strength began to fail. She stumbled once or twice, and he put a supporting hand under her elbow. As they neared the edge of the pines, it became evident that the road dwindled to a mere mountain-path winding steeply upwards through the snow. The sun shone dazzlingly upon the great waste of whiteness.

Very suddenly Isabel stopped. "He can't have gone this way, after all," she said, and turned to her brother with eyes of tragic helplessness. "Stumpy, Stumpy, what shall I do?"

He drew her hand very gently through his arm. "We will go back, dear," he said.

## A Dead World Now.

A low sob escaped her, but she did not weep. "If only had the strength to go on and on and on!" she said. "I know I should find him some day then."

"You will find him some day," he answered, with grave assurance. "But not yet."

They went back to the turn in the road where the sound of the stream rose up like fairy music from an unseen glen. The snow lay pure and untroubled under the trees.

Scott paused again, and this time Isabel made no remonstrance. They stood together listening to the rush of the torrent.

"How beautiful this place must be in the springtime!" he said.

She gave a sharp shiver. "It is like a dead world now."

"A world that will very soon rise again," he answered.

She looked at him with vague eyes. "You are always talking of the resurrection," she said.

"When I am with you, I am often thinking of it," he said, with simplicity. A haunted look came into her face. "But that implies—death," she said, her voice very low.

"And who is Death?" said Scott gently, as if he reasoned with a child.

"Do you think it is more than a step farther into Life? The passing of a boundary, that is all!"

"But there is no returning!" she protested pitifully. "It must be more than that."

"My dear, there is never any returning," he said gravely. "None of us can go backwards. Yesterday is but a step away, but can we retrace that step? No, not one of us."

She made a sudden, almost fierce gesture. "Oh, to go back!" she cried. "Oh, to go back! Why should we be forced blindly forward when we only want to go back?"

"That is the universal law," said Scott. "That is God's Will."

"It is cruel! It is cruel!" she wailed.

"No, it is merciful. So long as there is death in the world we must go on. We have got to get past Death."

She turned her tragic eyes upon him. "And what then? What then?"

Scott was gazing steadfastly into her face of raged beauty. "Then—the Resurrection," he said. "There are millions of people in the world, Isabel, who are living out their lives solely for the sake of that, because they know that if they only keep on, the Resurrection will give back to them all that they have lost. My dear, it is not going back that could help anyone. The past is past, the present is passing; there is only the future that can restore all things. We are bound to go forward, and thank God for it."

**He Wouldn't Understand.**

Her eyes fell slowly before his. She did not speak, but after a moment gave him her hand with a shadowy smile. They continued the decent aisle by aisle.

Another curve of the road brought them within sight of the hotel.

Scott broke the silence. "Here is Eustace coming to meet us!"

She looked up with a start, and into her face came a curious, veiled expression, half-furrow, half-strain.

"Don't tell him, Stumpy!" she said quickly.

"What, dear?"

"Don't tell him I have been looking for Basil this morning. He—he wouldn't understand. And—and—you knew—I went long for him sometimes. I shall lose him altogether if I don't."

"Well, we pretend we are enjoying ourselves," said Scott, with a smile.

She answered him with fervent earnestness. "Yes, yes! Let us do that! And, Stumpy, Stumpy dear, you are good when you can pray. I can't, you know. Will you—will you pray sometimes? That I may find him!"

"I shall pray that your eyes may be opened, Isabel," he answered, "so that you may know one has never really lost him."

She smiled again, her fleeting, phantom smile. "I can't pray for the impossible, Stumpy," she said. "I—I think that will be a mistake."

"Is anything impossible?" said Scott. He raised his hand before she could make any answer, and went a short distance down to his brother. He gave a swift response. They quickened their steps to meet him.

Eustace was striding up the hill with the easy swing of a giant. He held out both hands to Isabel as he drew near. She pulled herself free from Scott, and went to him as one drawn by an unseen force.

"Ah, that's right," he said, and bent to kiss her. "I'm glad you've been for a walk. You might have come and spoken to me first. I was only on the rink."

"I didn't want to see a lot of people," said Isabel, shrinking a little. "I—I don't like so many strangers," Eustace said, "Oh, nonsense," he said lightly.

"You have been buried too long. It's time you came out of your shell. I shan't take you home again till you have quite got over that."

"My dear child, they can't be far away. I had better get on with your hair while I look for them. I am afraid you will not be able to count on any help from Yvonne to-night. She has only just finished dressing me, and has gone now to help Mother. You know what that means."

"She put everything ready for me, or said she had."

The bed was littered with articles of clothing all flung together in hopeless confusion. Rose came forward. "Surely Yvonne didn't leave your things like that?" she said.

"No, I've been hunting through everything for the stockings. Where can they be? I shall have to go without them that's all."

"My dear child, they can't be far away. I had better get on with your hair while I look for them. I am afraid you will not be able to count on any help from Yvonne to-night. She has only just finished dressing me, and has gone now to help Mother. You know what that means."

"She put everything ready for me, or said she had."

"Very nice! Did you think of it all by yourself, Isabel?"

"No," she said, with dreary listlessness. "Buddy reminded me."

Eustace's face changed. He frowned slightly and gave the case back to his brother.

Scott took out his cigarette-case, and handed it to his brother. "Isabel's birthday present to me!" he said.

Eustace examined it with a smile. "Very nice! Did you think of it all by yourself, Isabel?"

"No," she said, with dreary listlessness. "Buddy reminded me."

Scott took one absently, and Scott did the same.

"How did you get on with the lady in red?" he asked.

## Out for Sport Only.

Eustace threw him a glance half-humorous, half-malicious. "If it comes to that how did you get on with the little brown girl?"

"Oh, very nicely," smiled Scott. "Her name is Dinah. Your lady's name is Rose de Vigne. If you care to know."

"Really?" said Eustace. "And who told you that?"

Dinah of course, or Dinah's brother. I forget which. They belong to the same party."

"I should think that little snub-nosed person feels somewhat in the shade," observed Eustace.

"I expect she does. But she has plenty of wits to make up for it. She seems to find life quite an interesting entertainment."

"She can't skate a bit," said Eustace. "Can't she? You'll have to give her a hint or two. I am sure she would be very grateful."

"Did she tell you so?"

"I'm not going to tell you what she told me. It wouldn't be fair."

Eustace laughed with easy tolerance. "Oh, I've no objection to giving her a hand now and then if she's amusing, and doesn't become a nuisance." I'm not going to let myself be bored by anybody this trip. It's out for sport only."

"It's a lovely place," observed Scott. "Oh, perfect. I'm going to ski this afternoon. How do you like it, Isabel?"

Applauding, the elder brother accosted her. She was walking between them as one in a dream. She started at the sound of her name.

"I don't know you yet," she said. "It is rather cold, isn't it? I am not sure that I shall be able to sleep here."

Eustace's eyes held hers for a moment. "Oh, no, one expects to sleep here," he said lightly. "You skate all day and all night. That's the programme."

Her lips parted a little. "I—dance?" she said.

"Why not?" said Eustace.

She made a gesture that was almost expressive of horror. "When I was a child," she said, in her deep voice, "you may put me under lock and key for good and all; I shall be ill!" said she sharply.

She shrank as if at a blow, and on the instant very quietly Scott intervened.

"Isabel and I prefer to look on," he said, drawing her hand gently through his arm. "I fancy it suits us both best."

## Tense Moment.

His eyes met his brother's frown deliberately, with the utmost steadiness, and for a few electric seconds there was undoubted tension between them. Isabel was aware of it, and gripped the supporting arm very closely.

Then with a shrug Eustace turned from the contest. "Oh, go your own way! It's all one to me. You're one of the less coquettish that never get anywhere."

Scott said nothing whatever. He smoked his cigarette without a sign of perturbation, save for a certain steeliness in his pale eyes, his habitual placid expression remained unaltered.

He walked in silence for a few minutes, then without effort began to take a general strain of their journey of the previous day. Had Isabel cared about the sleigh ride? If so, they would go again one day.

She lighted up in response with an animation which she had not displayed during the whole walk. Her eyes shone a little, as with a far-off fire of gratitude. "I should like it if you would, Stumpy," she said.

"Then we will certainly go," he said.

"I should enjoy it very much."

Eustace came out of a somewhat sullen silence to throw a glance of half-reluctant approval towards his brother. He plainly regarded Scott's move as an achievement of some importance.

"Yes, go by all means!" he said. "Enjoy yourselves! That's all I ask."

Isabel's faint smile flitted across her tattered face, but she said nothing, only as they reached and entered the hotel, she pressed Scott's hand for a moment in both her own.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Magician.

"Well, Dual, my dear, are you ready?"

Rose de Vigne, very slim and graceful, with her beautiful hair mounted high above her white forehead, and falling in a shower of golden ringlets behind, after the style of a hundred years ago, stood on the threshold of Dual's room, awaiting permission to enter. Her dress was of palest green satin brocade, a genuine first dress of a century old. Her arms and neck gleamed with a snowy white armlet. She looked as if she had just stepped out of an ancient picture.

There came an impatient cry from within the room. "Come in, come in! I'm not nearly ready, never shall be. I think where Yvonne couldn't see me, she might be a single moment."

The beautiful lady entered with a smile. She could afford to smile, being complete to the last detail, and quite ready to take the ball-room by storm.

She found Dual's doorway barefooted about the room with her hair in a loose bunch on her neck, her attire of the banqueting description, her expression one of wild desperation.

"I've lost my stockings. Where can they be? I know I had them this morning. Can Yvonne have taken them by

mistake? She put everything ready for me, or said she had."

The bed was littered with articles of clothing all flung together in hopeless confusion. Rose came forward. "Surely Yvonne didn't leave your things like that?" she said.

"No, I've been hunting through everything for the stockings. Where can they be? I shall have to go without them that's all."

"My dear child, they can't be far away. I had better get on with your hair while I look for them. I am afraid you will not be able to count on any help from Yvonne to-night. She has only just finished dressing me, and has gone now to help Mother. You know what that means."

"She put everything ready for me, or said she had."

"Very nice! Did you think of it all by yourself, Isabel?"

"No," she said, with dreary listlessness. "Buddy reminded me."

Scott took out his cigarette-case, and handed it to his brother. "Isabel's birthday present to me!" he said.

Eustace examined it with a smile. "Very nice! Did you think of it all by yourself, Isabel?"

"No," she said, with dreary listlessness. "Buddy reminded me."

Scott took one absently, and Scott did the same.

"How did you get on with the lady in red?" he asked.

"I Hate You."

"Oh, goodness, yes!" said Dinah. "I wish I'd never gone in for this stupid fancy-dress at all. I shall never be done."

Rose smiled in her indulgent way. She was always kind to Dinah. "Well, I can help you for a few minutes. I can't think how you come to be so late. I thought you came in long ago."

"I Hate You."

"Oh, goodness, yes!" said Dinah. "I wish I'd never gone in for this stupid fancy-dress at all. I shall never be done."

Rose smiled in her indulgent way. She was always kind to Dinah. "Well, I can help you for a few minutes. I can't think how you come to be so late. I thought you came in long ago."

"I Hate You."

"Oh, goodness, yes!" said Dinah. "I wish I'd never gone in for this stupid fancy-dress at all. I shall never be done."

Rose smiled in her indulgent way. She was always kind to Dinah. "Well, I can help you for a few minutes. I can't think how you come to be so late. I thought you came in long ago."

"I Hate You."

"Oh, goodness, yes!" said Dinah. "I wish I'd never gone in for this stupid fancy-dress at all. I shall never be done."

Rose smiled in her indulgent way. She was always kind to Dinah. "Well, I can help you for a few minutes. I can't think how you come to be so late. I thought you came in long ago."

"I Hate You."

"Oh, goodness, yes!" said Dinah. "I wish I'd never gone in for this stupid fancy-dress at all. I shall never be done."

Rose smiled in her indulgent way. She was always kind to Dinah. "Well, I can help you for a few minutes. I can't think how you come to be so late. I thought you came in long ago."

"I Hate You."

**FINANCE FOR THE PEOPLE.****INDICATIONS OF MARKET REVIVAL.**

(By Our City Representative.)

The favourable impression created by the new home Government, together with more hopeful views regarding Continental politics, have combined to produce a more cheerful atmosphere in the Stock markets during the past week, and although this improvement in sentiment has not been accompanied by any material increase in business, the general tendency of prices has been towards a higher level.

**GILT-EDGED STRENGTH.**

Gilt-edged securities have resumed their improved course, the release of approximately £50,000,000 in connection with the payment of the interest on the 5 per cent. War Loan on Friday being a helpful influence.

The issue of an Argentine loan of £2,500,000 in 5 per cent. bonds at 8d met with a ready response, and the lists were closed almost as soon as opened. Home Railways have remained very quiet, apart from strength in Metropolitans and Districts. Argentine Railways have been adversely affected by a fall in exchange.

**INDUSTRIAL FEATURES.**

Interest in Industrials has tended to centre in specialities. Tobacco shares have been active. British Americans being especially prominent, and reaching the new high record of 51-16. Brewery stocks have continued steadily upward, and other notably good features include African and Eastern British Oil and Cake Mills and Sudan Plantations.

On the other hand Indo-China Steam Dredges relapsed heavily on the passing of the dividend, a loss having been incurred on the year's trading. For the previous year 30 per cent. was paid.

**SMELL DIVIDEND ESTIMATES.**

Oil shares have remained out of favour, and although closing above the worst, the general tendency of prices has been adverse. The Shell dividend is expected at any time now, and opinions vary as to whether it will be 22 per cent. or 25 per cent., as compared with 27 per cent. of the previous year.

**A PROSPEROUS BREWERY.**

The figures of Marston, Thompson and Everard for the year ended March 31 last are excellent, as have been those of many other concerns engaged in the same trade recently issued. Profits amounted to £1,300,000, compared with £87,300. Therefore after other provisions the directors are able to add £7,500 to reserve, which a year ago was not strengthened, and to keep £22,100 in hand after making a distribution on the Ordinary capital of 15 per cent., which is the same rate as has been paid for the two years preceding. This dividend is free of income tax also, and on that basis the £1 Ordinary shares, which are quoted in the market at 13-16, can be bought to yield 8½ per cent. on the purchase price.

Despite the recent reduction of beer prices, there is no need to apprehend any considerable falling off of profits in the trade, the brewers generally being understood to be thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement come to, and with the resultant increase of consumption.

**FOREST LAND.**

The prospects of the shares of the Forest Land, Timber and Railways Company's shares as lock-up purchases are improved a good deal by the appearance of the profit statement of the undertaking for 1922. In the year before there was a loss of £344,300, which was charged against the reserves, and a credit of £22,311 was brought into the accounts now under review.

On this occasion there is a net profit of £113,900 to record, so that a very great turn for the better in the fortunes of the company is evident. For the present

**RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT ANNOUNCEMENTS.****A HOLIDAY PARADISE.**

Windermere,  
Keswick,  
Ullswater,  
Penzance,  
Royal Water,  
Derwentwater,  
Etc. etc.

**LAKELAND** offers you all that is best in Holiday attractions. In this wonderful corner of England, Nature has lavished her gifts with a generous hand. Rugged Mountains, glorious lakes, emerald woods, and broad sweeping uplands form a unique background to a happy holiday.

Whatever your taste, Lakeland will satisfy them. There is endless scope for walking tours through winding uplands and fairy dells—a veritable "peacock's paradise." Or if you wish to go further afield, long trips by motor coach, rail, or steamboat open up vast scenic panoramas of unparalleled beauty.

Opportunities for sport of all kinds—abroad—golf, fishing, yachting—while the hotels are among the best and most comfortable in the Kingdom.

A Lakeland Holiday is a holiday de luxe. Enjoy it this year.

**TRAVEL**  
"The Best Way"  
**L M S**

Illustrated Guide of any L M S Station or Town Office, or an application to the General Superintendent, L M S Railway at Euston Station, London, N.W.1; Derby: Hounds Bank, Manchester; or Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

**L N E R** **SUNDAYS BY THE SEA.**  
The "CLAFTON PULLMAN"  
EVERY SUNDAY COMMENCING JUNE 3rd.  
NON-STOP EXPRESS LONDON-CLAFTON IN 87 MINUTES.  
A.M. 12.30 P.M. 1.30 P.M. 2.30 P.M. 3.30 P.M. 4.30 P.M. 5.30 P.M. 6.30 P.M.  
Sundays excepted. 1.30 P.M. 2.30 P.M. 3.30 P.M. 4.30 P.M. 5.30 P.M. 6.30 P.M.  
SPECIAL DAY RETURN FARES  
£1.00 £1.20 £1.30 £1.40 £1.50 £1.60 £1.70 £1.80 £1.90 £2.00  
£2.10 £2.20 £2.30 £2.40 £2.50 £2.60 £2.70 £2.80 £2.90 £3.00  
£3.10 £3.20 £3.30 £3.40 £3.50 £3.60 £3.70 £3.80 £3.90 £4.00  
£4.10 £4.20 £4.30 £4.40 £4.50 £4.60 £4.70 £4.80 £4.90 £5.00  
£5.10 £5.20 £5.30 £5.40 £5.50 £5.60 £5.70 £5.80 £5.90 £6.00  
£6.10 £6.20 £6.30 £6.40 £6.50 £6.60 £6.70 £6.80 £6.90 £7.00  
£7.10 £7.20 £7.30 £7.40 £7.50 £7.60 £7.70 £7.80 £7.90 £8.00  
£8.10 £8.20 £8.30 £8.40 £8.50 £8.60 £8.70 £8.80 £8.90 £9.00  
£9.10 £9.20 £9.30 £9.40 £9.50 £9.60 £9.70 £9.80 £9.90 £10.00  
£10.10 £10.20 £10.30 £10.40 £10.50 £10.60 £10.70 £10.80 £10.90 £11.00  
£11.10 £11.20 £11.30 £11.40 £11.50 £11.60 £11.70 £11.80 £11.90 £12.00  
£12.10 £12.20 £12.30 £12.40 £12.50 £12.60 £12.70 £12.80 £12.90 £13.00  
£13.10 £13.20 £13.30 £13.40 £13.50 £13.60 £13.70 £13.80 £13.90 £14.00  
£14.10 £14.20 £14.30 £14.40 £14.50 £14.60 £14.70 £14.80 £14.90 £15.00  
£15.10 £15.20 £15.30 £15.40 £15.50 £15.60 £15.70 £15.80 £15.90 £16.00  
£16.10 £16.20 £16.30 £16.40 £16.50 £16.60 £16.70 £16.80 £16.90 £17.00  
£17.10 £17.20 £17.30 £17.40 £17.50 £17.60 £17.70 £17.80 £17.90 £18.00  
£18.10 £18.20 £18.30 £18.40 £18.50 £18.60 £18.70 £18.80 £18.90 £19.00  
£19.10 £19.20 £19.30 £19.40 £19.50 £19.60 £19.70 £19.80 £19.90 £20.00  
£20.10 £20.20 £20.30 £20.40 £20.50 £20.60 £20.70 £20.80 £20.90 £21.00  
£21.10 £21.20 £21.30 £21.40 £21.50 £21.60 £21.70 £21.80 £21.90 £22.00  
£22.10 £22.20 £22.30 £22.40 £22.50 £22.60 £22.70 £22.80 £22.90 £23.00  
£23.10 £23.20 £23.30 £23.40 £23.50 £23.60 £23.70 £23.80 £23.90 £24.00  
£24.10 £24.20 £24.30 £24.40 £24.50 £24.60 £24.70 £24.80 £24.90 £25.00  
£25.10 £25.20 £25.30 £25.40 £25.50 £25.60 £25.70 £25.80 £25.90 £26.00  
£26.10 £26.20 £26.30 £26.40 £26.50 £26.60 £26.70 £26.80 £26.90 £27.00  
£27.10 £27.20 £27.30 £27.40 £27.50 £27.60 £27.70 £27.80 £27.90 £28.00  
£28.10 £28.20 £28.30 £28.40 £28.50 £28.60 £28.70 £28.80 £28.90 £29.00  
£29.10 £29.20 £29.30 £29.40 £29.50 £29.60 £29.70 £29.80 £29.90 £30.00  
£30.10 £30.20 £30.30 £30.40 £30.50 £30.60 £30.70 £30.80 £30.90 £31.00  
£31.10 £31.20 £31.30 £31.40 £31.50 £31.60 £31.70 £31.80 £31.90 £32.00  
£32.10 £32.20 £32.30 £32.40 £32.50 £32.60 £32.70 £32.80 £32.90 £33.00  
£33.10 £33.20 £33.30 £33.40 £33.50 £33.60 £33.70 £33.80 £33.90 £34.00  
£34.10 £34.20 £34.30 £34.40 £34.50 £34.60 £34.70 £34.80 £34.90 £35.00  
£35.10 £35.20 £35.30 £35.40 £35.50 £35.60 £35.70 £35.80 £35.90 £36.00  
£36.10 £36.20 £36.30 £36.40 £36.50 £36.60 £36.70 £36.80 £36.90 £37.00  
£37.10 £37.20 £37.30 £37.40 £37.50 £37.60 £37.70 £37.80 £37.90 £38.00  
£38.10 £38.20 £38.30 £38.40 £38.50 £38.60 £38.70 £38.80 £38.90 £39.00  
£39.10 £39.20 £39.30 £39.40 £39.50 £39.60 £39.70 £39.80 £39.90 £40.00  
£40.10 £40.20 £40.30 £40.40 £40.50 £40.60 £40.70 £40.80 £40.90 £41.00  
£41.10 £41.20 £41.30 £41.40 £41.50 £41.60 £41.70 £41.80 £41.90 £42.00  
£42.10 £42.20 £42.30 £42.40 £42.50 £42.60 £42.70 £42.80 £42.90 £43.00  
£43.10 £43.20 £43.30 £43.40 £43.50 £43.60 £43.70 £43.80 £43.90 £44.00  
£44.10 £44.20 £44.30 £44.40 £44.50 £44.60 £44.70 £44.80 £44.90 £45.00  
£45.10 £45.20 £45.30 £45.40 £45.50 £45.60 £45.70 £45.80 £45.90 £46.00  
£46.10 £46.20 £46.30 £46.40 £46.50 £46.60 £46.70 £46.80 £46.90 £47.00  
£47.10 £47.20 £47.30 £47.40 £47.50 £47.60 £47.70 £47.80 £47.90 £48.00  
£48.10 £48.20 £48.30 £48.40 £48.50 £48.60 £48.70 £48.80 £48.90 £49.00  
£49.10 £49.20 £49.30 £49.40 £49.50 £49.60 £49.70 £49.80 £49.90 £50.00  
£50.10 £50.20 £50.30 £50.40 £50.50 £50.60 £50.70 £50.80 £50.90 £51.00  
£51.10 £51.20 £51.30 £51.40 £51.50 £51.60 £51.70 £51.80 £51.90 £52.00  
£52.10 £52.20 £52.30 £52.40 £52.50 £52.60 £52.70 £52.80 £52.90 £53.00  
£53.10 £53.20 £53.30 £53.40 £53.50 £53.60 £53.70 £53.80 £53.90 £54.00  
£54.10 £54.20 £54.30 £54.40 £54.50 £54.60 £54.70 £54.80 £54.90 £55.00  
£55.10 £55.20 £55.30 £55.40 £55.50 £55.60 £55.70 £55.80 £55.90 £56.00  
£56.10 £56.20 £56.30 £56.40 £56.50 £56.60 £56.70 £56.80 £56.90 £57.00  
£57.10 £57.20 £57.30 £57.40 £57.50 £57.60 £57.70 £57.80 £57.90 £58.00  
£58.10 £58.20 £58.30 £58.40 £58.50 £58.60 £58.70 £58.80 £58.90 £59.00  
£59.10 £59.20 £59.30 £59.40 £59.50 £59.60 £59.70 £59.80 £59.90 £60.00  
£60.10 £60.20 £60.30 £60.40 £60.50 £60.60 £60.70 £60.80 £60.90 £61.00  
£61.10 £61.20 £61.30 £61.40 £61.50 £61.60 £61.70 £61.80 £61.90 £62.00  
£62.10 £62.20 £62.30 £62.40 £62.50 £62.60 £62.70 £62.80 £62.90 £63.00  
£63.10 £63.20 £63.30 £63.40 £63.50 £63.60 £63.70 £63.80 £63.90 £64.00  
£64.10 £64.20 £64.30 £64.40 £64.50 £64.60 £64.70 £64.80 £64.90 £65.00  
£65.10 £65.20 £65.30 £65.40 £65.50 £65.60 £65.70 £65.80 £65.90 £66.00  
£66.10 £66.20 £66.30 £66.40 £66.50 £66.60 £66.70 £66.80 £66.90 £67.00  
£67.10 £67.20 £67.30 £67.40 £67.50 £67.60 £67.70 £67.80 £67.90 £68.00  
£68.10 £68.20 £68.30 £68.40 £68.50 £68.60 £68.70 £68.80 £68.90 £69.00  
£69.10 £69.20 £69.30 £69.40 £69.50 £69.60 £69.70 £69.80 £69.90 £70.00  
£70.10 £70.20 £70.30 £70.40 £70.50 £70.60 £70.70 £70.80 £70.90 £71.00  
£71.10 £71.20 £71.30 £71.40 £71.50 £71.60 £71.70 £71.80 £71.90 £72.00  
£72.10 £72.20 £72.30 £72.40 £72.50 £72.60 £72.70 £72.80 £72.90 £73.00  
£73.10 £73.20 £73.30 £73.40 £73.50 £73.60 £73.70 £73.80 £73.90 £74.00  
£74.10 £74.20 £74.30 £74.40 £74.50 £74.60 £74.70 £74.80 £74.90 £75.00  
£75.10 £75.20 £75.30 £75.40 £75.50 £75.60 £75.70 £75.80 £75.90 £76.00  
£76.10 £76.20 £76.30 £76.40 £76.50 £76.60 £76.70 £76.80 £76.90 £77.00  
£77.10 £77.20 £77.30 £77.40 £77.50 £77.60 £77.70 £77.80 £77.90 £78.00  
£78.10 £78.20 £78.30 £78.40 £78.50 £78.60 £78.70 £78.80 £78.90 £79.00  
£79.10 £79.20 £79.30 £79.40 £79.50 £79.60 £79.70 £79.80 £79.90 £80.00  
£80.10 £80.20 £80.30 £80.40 £80.50 £80.60 £80.70 £80.80 £80.90 £81.00  
£81.10 £81.20 £81.30 £81.40 £81.50 £81.60 £81.70 £81.80 £81.90 £82.00  
£82.10 £82.20 £82.30 £82.40 £82.50 £82.60 £82.70 £82.80 £82.90 £83.00  
£83.10 £83.20 £83.30 £83.40 £83.50 £83.60 £83.70 £83.80 £83.90 £84.00  
£84.10 £84.20 £84.30 £84.40 £84.50 £84.60 £84.70 £84.80 £84.90 £85.00  
£85.10 £85.20 £85.30 £85.40 £85.50 £85.60 £85.70 £85.80 £85.90 £86.00  
£86.10 £86.20 £86.30 £86.40 £86.50 £86.60 £86.70 £86.80 £86.90 £87.00  
£87.10 £87.20 £87.30 £87.40 £87.50 £87.60 £87.70 £87.80 £87.90 £88.00  
£88.10 £88.20 £88.30 £88.40 £88.50 £88.60 £88.70 £88.80 £88.90 £89.00  
£89.10 £89.20 £89.30 £89.40 £89.50 £89.60 £89.70 £89.80 £89.90 £90.00  
£90.10 £90.20 £90.30 £90.40 £90.50 £90.60 £90.70 £90.80 £90.90 £91.00  
£91.10 £91.20 £91.30 £91.40 £91.50 £91.60 £91.70 £91.80 £91.90 £92.00  
£92.10 £92.20 £92.30 £92.40 £92.50 £92.60 £92.70 £92.80 £92.90 £93.00  
£93.10 £93.20 £93.30 £93.40 £93.50 £93.60 £93.70 £93.80 £93.90 £94.00  
£94.10 £94.20 £94.30 £94.40 £94.50 £94.60 £94.70 £94.80 £94.90 £95.00  
£95.10 £95.20 £95.30 £95.40 £95.50 £95.60 £95.70 £95.80 £95.90 £96.00  
£96.10 £96.20 £96.30 £96.40 £96.50 £96.60 £96.70 £96.80 £96.90 £97.00  
£97.10 £97.20 £97.3

**KEMPTON PARK RACES**  
SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 9th.  
First Race at 2 o'clock.

**QUEEN'S HANDICAP,**  
With £2,000 added. Two miles.

Constant Trains from Waterloo direct to the Grand Stand every few minutes.  
Also Tubs and Trams to Hampton Church, close to the Park.

**ADMISSION TO PARK**  
(includes taxi). 5/-

"One of the biggest operators on future events."

**LARRY LYNX OF THE PEOPLE.**

YOUR COMMISSIONS ON THE

**DERBY & OAKS**

Or for Ascot in conjunction with

**LEGER, ASCOT STAKES,**

**HUNT, STEWARDS' CUPS**

are accepted immediately name or postmark at our celebrated prices without any limit of

any kind, in accordance with our rules independent of whether you receive a

commission before the race or not.

This applies to

**PLACING THEM 1, 2, 3,**

on other races.

Prices will be returned you in accordance with the price of the horse selected.

We are the originators of this class of business and we GUARANTEE your satisfaction

**JOE LEE, LTD.,**  
42, FREDERICK ST., GLASGOW

**J. McLAUCHLAN**  
54, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW  
ESTABLISHED 31 YEARS.

Member of all Principal London Sporting Clubs.

Credit Accounts Opened on Approved References.

Letters 15 minutes before Race.

**LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS**

POSTAGE PAID WINNERS POSTED DAY OF RACE,

By Cash Notes or Postal Orders as desired.

**NO WAITING for your money.**

**NO LIMIT to win Doubles or Trebles.**

1/3rd the Odds a place on all Future Events.

**SPECIAL TERMS CREDIT ACCOUNTS.**

Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £2 to £1000 as guarantee Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with us. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT". We do not accept cheques or bank guarantees as not need confirmation until they have received my official notification that the account is opened.

Last Wire Paid in Full.

Panthers - National Bank of Scotland, Ltd.

No representations on horsemen or elsewhere.

**J. McLAUCHLAN**  
11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.

**DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE,**  
26, NORTH ASHON ST., GLASGOW.

TO YOU OR

OUR LETTER COMMISSIONS on the

Stamp 15 minutes before Time of Race.

**NO LIMIT.**

**D E R B Y**

FREE LIST OF APPLICATIVE,

DAILY SETTLEMENTS,

WINNERS AT RETURN OF POST,

EXACT MARKET PRICES guaranteed

on future events.

**PLACE BETTING** when required

Wires received.

1/3rd odds when 5, 6 or 7 runners.

FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY, APPLY TO

DAVID COPE, 27, Fleet St., LONDON, E.C.

**THE EDITOR OF**  
**TIC-TAC**

Folio Books that he writes the winners

of the

**WINDSOR CASTLE HANDICAP**

AT KEMPTON PARK SATURDAY.

It is an exceptionally good time

for the horses to be in all

the best of condition, and works a good

deal of running, so the horses will be

in the best of condition and the

weather is very good.

**NO MONEY TO SEND.**

Send to the Post Office, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C. or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.

or to the Manager, Alfred H. Maurice, 26, North Ashon St., Glasgow.

or to the Manager, David Cope, 27, Fleet St., London, E.C.



**BAKERS FOR BARGAINS.**  
FURNISH ON THE EASIEST TERMS.  
Write for our Catalogue of Bargains and  
see what you save.

**OUR GENERAL TERMS.**  
2/- for 1/- months; 1/- for 1½ months;  
2/- for 2/- months; 1/- for 2½ months.

**S. PARKER & CO.,**

219, CALCEONIAN ROAD, N.L.

**ROYAL FURNISHING CO.**

THE BEST FURNISHING HOUSE for  
all kinds of FURNITURE on EASY  
TERMS, covered over One, Two or  
Three years.

**ROYAL BARGAINS.**

BEDROOM & BEDDING ranging from 1/- with  
PARLOUR SUITE - 2/-

BABY CARRIAGES - 1/-

COUCH OR PAIR LADY CHAIRS - 1/-

OVERMANTEL - 1/-

CHIFFONIER - 1/-

COT BEDS for 1 year - 1/-

WRITE POST CARD FOR FREE LIST.

**ROYAL FURNISHING CO.,**

230a, Essex Road, Islington, N.L.

**RELIABLE FURNITURE**

UPON THE LOWEST OF EASY TERMS.  
We Cater for the Working and  
MIDDLE CLASS FOR US.  
NO ORDER TOO SMALL.  
Write for our 2½ Illustrated Furniture Guide  
Book. It is world leading.

**JAY'S FURNISHING STORES,**

218, Shirlane Rd., PADDINGTON, W.  
Tele.: Paddington, 1722.

**DAUBERTS**—Baking, permanent care, wigs,  
and other special services.

**£100 CHALLENGE.**—Various Vets  
and Dentists, Dr. positively and per-  
manently treated, write. 16-page Illustrated  
Catalogue of Abdominal Belts, Electro-  
therapeutic Apparatus, etc. Special  
offer. Dr. Dent Instruments—a special-  
ty. Dr. BRAESER SURGICAL MFG.  
Co., Ltd., 10, Newgate St., London, E.C.2.  
Piccadilly. London. W. Works: Paris.

**TREATMENT THAT CURES.**—Suffers  
from all Diseases, no matter from what  
cause, can be cured by a simple treatment  
and full description of your complaint  
and stamped envelope, and I will send you FREE  
Treatment. Note Address: Mr. GEORGE MEDICAL  
THERAPY, 107 HIGHSTREET, GATCHELL,  
SHEFFIELD. We have a large collection  
of cases that have been pronounced incurable  
by the best Doctors of Minerals, but Nature's  
Herbal Remedies still cure them. The secret  
of success lies in the fact that Nature's  
Treatment cures in all cases. 30 YEARS' SUCCESS.

**C. & G. HEARLEYS ORIGINAL  
WIVOW BELCH'S FEMALE PILLS.**  
Promote and Relieve for Ladies. Awarded  
Prize at International Exhibition, Paris,  
for the cure of all Female Complaints. 1/-  
and 2/- each. Chemists, or post free 1/- 4/-

**CATHERINE HEARLEY,**  
Dept. F. 42, Waterloo Rd., London, S.E.1.  
Established 1879.  
Refugee of Catherine Hearley's  
100 Years' Reputation.

**DO NOT BE HELD BACK  
BY NERVE OR HEART TROUBLES**

**BLUSHING**

7.—DAY Treatment will cure you  
of nearly all Nerve and Heart Troubles.  
Blushing, Redness, etc. Visiting  
Tourists, etc. For further information  
post card or letter to the author.  
Will be sent free privately if you  
mention "The People."

8. H. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Rd., St. Anne's-on-Sea

**THE MANUAL NOTHERS AND FRIENDS  
OF WISDOM.**—Read With All Care  
For this wonderful and valuable  
Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing  
many useful advice and practical information  
of the most important medical knowledge  
therein. Post absolutely FREE on mentioning  
10. **DR. BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.**,  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**LADIES! GO TO ANY  
CHEMIST & GET  
BLANCHARD'S  
FEMALE  
PILLS.**

AS OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED TO THE  
WORLD'S AGED QUEENS OF THE WORLD.  
They supersede Feminine, Dr. Coochie, Bitter Apple, etc., etc.

RECOMMENDED BY FERTILE PHYSICIANS  
AND THOUSANDS OF LADIES.

These pills have been used with the most  
success in all ailments heretofore known  
and it is now known that they are the  
best remedy for all sorts of trouble the  
lady suffers from all over the world.

**Sold in Boxes 1/3, 3/- & 6/-**  
at all branches of **BOOTS',  
TIMOTHY WHITE'S,  
TAYLOR'S DRUG STORES,  
etc., and all Chemists,**  
or Post Free, same price, from  
**LESLIE MARTIN, Ltd., Chemists,  
54, Dalton Lane, London, E.C.**

**FREE.**—An offer of successive orders  
of 100 boxes will receive a free  
Boots' Male and Female Attendant.

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**

**Le BLANCHARD SURGICAL MFG. Co. Ltd.**  
(Dept. E.H. 12, 4th, Worcester St., Birmingham).

**—FREE TEST COUPON.**



